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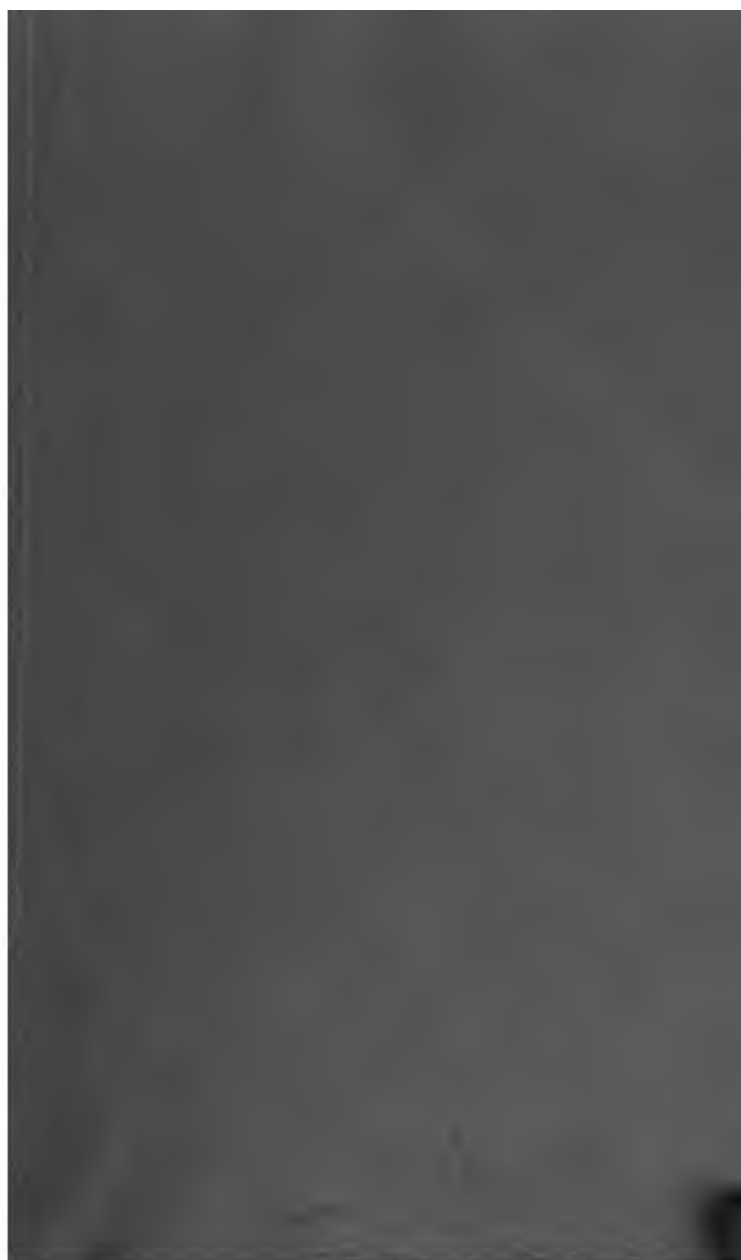
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POLITICAL BALLADS

VOL. 1.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

POLITICAL BALLADS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

ANNOTATED

BY W. WALKER WILKINS

*"More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as
Ballads and Libels"—Selden's Table-Talk*

In Two Vols.

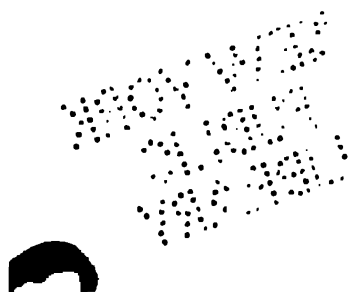
VOLUME ONE

LONDON

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

MDCCCLX

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P R E F A C E .

NEARLY one hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the last *Collection of State Poems* was published. And that collection, which was comprised originally in two, but afterwards augmented to four volumes, relates only to a period of our history extending over little more than half a century—namely, from the usurpation of Cromwell to the accession of Queen Anne. But for the fact that the volumes in question are “by various hands,” and therefore represent more fully than any others the satirical wit of the limited period to which they refer, they would scarcely deserve a passing notice, so very partial and inaccurate are the contents of them. They contain, moreover, few *political ballads*, properly so called; but consist almost entirely of long and insipid “poems,” chiefly from the pens of Buckingham, Rochester, and other exalted personages, who exercised in their day considerable

influence about the Court, and in the government of the country, and who, rather as an exercise of a supposed necessary accomplishment than from any baser motive, occasionally amused themselves with ridiculing the foibles of majesty, and exposing the intrigues of their rivals for his confidence. Such writers are manifestly no exponents of the *popular mind*: the vast majority of their compositions have long since fallen into neglect, almost oblivion, and are never likely again to interest, much less influence, any class of readers.

Whilst every other department of literature has been thoroughly explored, amplified, and variously illustrated, our modern Political Songs and Ballads — the best popular illustrations of history — constitute the solitary exception to the general rule. Two causes in particular may be assigned for the singular indifference with which such compositions have been hitherto treated. In the first place, they are so diffusely scattered as to render hopeless any attempt by a single individual to make, if such a thing were desirable, an entire collection of them, or indeed any approximation to it; and secondly, their rarely possessing any literary merit.

There are, however, few compositions more

interesting in themselves, or that offer more valuable material to the historical inquirer, than these ephemeral productions. Referring to an age less fastidious in its tastes and expressions than our own, too many of them, it cannot be denied, are not only faulty in construction, but also objectionable in matter. Yet these are not the only *criteria* by which they should be judged. The ordinary rules of criticism, indeed, do not apply to them. They are the emphatic songs of a liberty-loving people; they contain the out-pourings of unconquerable spirits, the unequivocal sentiments of resolute men; in a word, they are the rude but most expressive monuments of the great political struggles in which our jealous ancestors were engaged; and on that account they merit, if not our critical admiration, at all events deliverance from absolute oblivion. In the absence of these artless effusions, our social history would be incomplete. They exhibit as well the manners as the feelings of past generations. The student, by looking narrowly into them, may oftentimes be enabled to deduce most important conclusions respecting the origin and issue of former insurrections and factions; just in the same manner as the geologist, who, detecting on the surface of

the sedimentary rock the latent impressions of some primeval storm, or the footprints of races long extinct, determines the course of the one and the character of the other.

“The popular songs of a nation (remarks an able writer on Political Literature) constitute one of the most palpable manifestations of its political feelings and sympathies; and this is more strikingly the case, if other legitimate channels for the expression of public sentiment be choked or dried up by the repressive hand of power. The song-writer is an ubiquitous and privileged character. He pursues his avocation in the family circle, in the workshop, in the tavern, at the gay festival, in the squalid alley, in the barrack-room, and in the mess-room of the sailor. His strains are hearty, bold, and genial; the embodiment of thought, emotion, and melody. The popular song is easy, simple, and born of the incidents of the day: It is the intellectual personification of the feelings and opinions of a people. It is the delight of the multitude, the joy and solace of the many. It laughs in derision at despotic power, lightens the social burdens of life, and inspires the patriot with hope. Of the popular satirical song much has been written, but nothing

definitely settled. There is a schism among critics on its nature and character. It is a compound of delicate essences and incommunicable graces which bids defiance to definition. But we know that popular songs must be the energetic and faithful transcripts of general experience and feelings. Their necessary characteristics are fancy, passion, dramatic effect, rapidity, and pathos. They are not transferable; the popular satire and humour of one country cannot be adequately relished by another; nor, in the same country, are such productions so influential on public opinion in subsequent periods of its history, as when they first appeared. Time blunts the instrument, and deadens the national perceptions of the witty and ridiculous."

The real value and importance of such ephemeral productions may be best discerned in the volumes of the late Lord Macaulay, the only native historian who has thought them worthy of his particular study and use. It is no disparagement to the literary fame of that distinguished writer, to affirm that they have imparted to his pages a vitality which the profoundest knowledge of the principles of human action, combined with the greatest erudi-

tion and the highest descriptive powers, could never have effected without them. It was from these long-neglected picture-writings of great historical scenes, and of the celebrated individuals who are crowded in them —“in their habit as they lived”—that he derived so much of his wonderfully minute knowledge of all that related to the stirring times of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To these despised and inexhaustible sources of information, he was principally indebted for his life-like delineations of character; for his descriptions of popular commotions; and, not unfrequently, for his knowledge of the motives by which public men were actuated, at particular conjunctures, in their conduct.

The admirable use made of them by Lord Macaulay, in his historical fragment and essays, has suggested the idea of collecting and republishing the following specimens. They have been gleaned from exceedingly rare (not a few, I believe, *unique*) single-sheets and broadsides, old manuscripts, and contemporary journals, in the national and other libraries. A few have been extracted from very scarce volumes, which were published at the close of the seventeenth or early in the eighteenth century; and fewer still have been derived from more

modern books, in order to give a greater completeness to the series. Thus by far the larger portion will be entirely new to the generality of readers.

In my selection of the Ballads I have been guided (so far, that is, as the limited means at my disposal would admit) by a desire to reproduce such only as are particularly characteristic or illustrative of the periods to which they respectively refer; and, at the same time are not unfitted to meet the general eye. Licentiousness, unfortunately, as every literary antiquary knows, is the rule rather than the exception with this class of popular compositions.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the names of the various parties alluded to in these pages are rarely to be found in the original broadsides, or in the early volumes whence they have been obtained. Sometimes names of individuals have been omitted altogether, at others their initials only have been given, for reasons too obvious to mention. In restoring them (which was by no means the least onerous part of my editorial labours), without the usual distinguishing brackets, I have been led to do so simply to avoid fatiguing the eye of the reader, and disfiguring almost every page with very needless

/

additions. As a guarantee, however, for accuracy in these important respects, I beg to assure the reader that, in every doubtful instance, I have never relied exclusively upon my own judgment, but invariably have sought that of some literary friend better qualified than myself to solve the difficulty. I feel confident, therefore, that no error of the kind referred to will be detected in the following pages.

My original intention was to include in the present collection the most celebrated political ballads referring to the reigns of the last two Georges; but finding my prescribed limits would not admit of anything like justice being done to them, I have been reluctantly compelled to abandon that part of my scheme. Should, however, the present series happily meet with the approbation of the public, I shall furnish with pleasure the remaining instalment, in the shape of an additional volume.

London, October, 1860.



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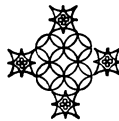
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POLITICAL BALLADS



CHARLES I.

VOL. I.

B



THE ORGAN'S ECHO.

(To the tune of the Cathedral Service.)

[Southey, the ablest apologist of Laud, states that libels and ballads against the Archbishop "were hawked and sung through streets, and caricatures exhibited, in which he was represented as caged, or chained to a post; and with such things the rabble made sport at taverns and alehouses, being as drunk with malice as with the liquor they swilled in." This is doubtless one of the ballads referred to. The original broadside whence it is copied is surmounted with a rude woodcut of the unfortunate Archbishop bound to a post, with a pair of expanded wings on his shoulders, significant of his desire to escape. "Neile of Winchester and Laud of London (says Carlyle) were a frightfully ceremonial pair of bishops; the fountain they of innumerable tendencies to papistry and the old clothes of Babylon." In justice, however, to the memory of the Archbishop, it should be added that whilst his great reverence for antiquity and fondness for the pomps and ceremonies of religion exposed him to the hatred and persecution of the fanatical Puritans, his jealous guardianship of the interests of the Church of England rendered him equally obnoxious to the Papal Court, where his judicial murder was regarded as more likely to advance than retard the Roman Catholic cause in this country.]



EMENTO MORI,

I'll tell you a strange story,
Will make you all sorry,
For our old friend William;
Alas, poor William.

As he was in his bravery,
And thought to bring us all in slavery,
The Parliament found out his knavery,
And so fell William ;
Alas, poor William.

His pope-like domineering,
And some other tricks appearing,
Provoked Sir Edward Deering*,
To blame the old prelate ;
Alas, poor prelate.

Some say he was in hope,
To bring England again to th' Pope ;
But now he's in danger of an axe or a rope ;
Farewell old Canterbury ;
Alas, poor Canterbury.

There's another of the same litter,
Whose breech cannot choose but twitter,
He was against all goodness so bitter,
'Twas the Bishop of Ely.†
Alas, poor Ely.

* Alluding to Sir Edward's speech in Parliament (Session 1640) on the government of the Church, in which he accused Laud and other prelates of obtruding new canon laws upon the laity, after the fashion of Rome.

† Dr. Matthew Wren, previously Bishop of Norwich, but now of Ely, who was deprived 5th July, 1641, and committed to the Tower for "high misdemeanours" in the last mentioned diocese.

And all the rest of that lordly crew,
Their great insolencies are like to rue,
As soon as Parliament their lives do view,
Come down, brave prelates ;
Alas, poor prelates.

You know likewise in this two or three year,
Many a one for Lamb* paid very dear,
But now he begins to stink for fear ;
Therefore take heed Doctor Lamb ;
Alas, poor Doctor Lamb.

Then there is also one Doctor Duck†,
The proverb says, *What's worse than ill luck ;*
We hope the Parliament his feathers will pluck,
For being so busy, Doctor Duck ;
Alas, poor Doctor Duck.

Deans and Chapters with their retinue,
Are not like long for to continue,
They have so abused their great revenue ;
That down must ceremonies ;
Alas, popish ceremonies.

* Dr. Lamb, a high churchman, and preacher of St. Mary Hall, Oxford ; he survived the Rebellion, and died (1664) rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

† Dr. Arthur Duck, Chancellor of Wells and London. He was one of the "suffering" clergy, and died 1648.

Ecclesiastical courts are down too, they say,
England may be glad of that happy day,
They have, of late, borne such a great sway,
That farewell those poor proctors ;
Alas, poor proctors.

And now the papists are at their wits ends,
To see the downfall of so many friends,
But they shall all rue it ere the Parliament ends,
Believe it, Roman Catholics ;
Alas, poor Catholics.

There is another that hardly thrives,
Which many men of life deprives,
He was in Newgate for having two wives,
It is the young hangman ;
Alas, poor hangman.*

* Whether Derrick or Brandon is here referred to matters nothing; the fact of associating such a functionary with prelates and deans is characteristic of the period.



ON THE ARMY MARCHING FROM LONDON.

[The Parliament adjourned itself on the 3rd and reassembled on the 20th September, 1641. In that interval all classes were greatly agitated by the movements of the Royalists, whom they feared might surprise the capital. To secure their own persons from insult, as well as to restrain those who secretly sympathised with the King, the Parliament demanded a guard from the Earl of Essex, before the Army set forth, which was immediately granted. The ballad—a royalist's effusion—ridicules the pretensions and fears of the Parliamentary leaders.]



COME tell me what you lack,
That the knaves in a pack,
You will not see forthcoming :
Love you treason so well,
That you'll neither buy nor sell,
But keep a noise with your drumming.

What do you guard,
With your watch and ward,
Your own ware or wife's thing ?
If up come the blades,
Down go all your trades,
They'll not leave you a dead or a live thing.

What do your prophets say?
When will come that very day,
That all your money shall be paid in?
Great Strafford he is dead*,
You have cut off his head,
And the Bishops are all laid in.†

Yet still you grow poor,
As any common w——,
That long hath been without her jading;
None will come and buy,
You may learn to swear and lie,
As you were wont to do with your trading.

Yet still I do find,
There's something in the wind,
That long hath been a-framing;
O that is flat and plain,
The Parliament must reign,
And you'll have a king by naming.

* The earl suffered 12th May, 1641.

† The prelates here alluded to were those who, at the instigation of Williams, Archbishop of York, forwarded a declaration to the Lords, complaining that they were unable to travel in safety to their places in Parliament, and at the same time protesting against the validity of any resolutions, &c., passed in their absence. For this prelatical declaration, eleven of its subscribers, including the Archbishop, were, by a vote of the Lower House, committed to the Tower, and charged with *high treason*!

We may see how they can,
From a woman take a man,
If so they please to declare him ;
But let them take heed,
For the King is king indeed,
And the soldiers cannot spare him.

Is it nothing, do you think,
Twenty-four in a clink,
Kings to make up his succession :
Besides you have as good,
Three princes of his blood,
And three kingdoms in possession.

His virtues to ye,
Something, too, should be,
If that you could amend them ;
But instead of chaste and just,
You'll have cruelty & lust—
Marry, another King Harry God send you!



WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

BY MARTIN PARKER.

[There are several versions of this celebrated ballad extant ; this is the original one. Ritson included it in his *Collection of Ancient Songs*, but was unaware of the fact that Martin Parker (who he describes as a mere Grub Street scribbler and great ballad-monger of Charles the First's time) was the author of it. In reference to it, he remarks : "It is with particular pleasure that the editor is enabled to restore to the public the original words of the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to support the declining interest of the royal martyr, it served afterwards with more success to keep up the spirits of the Cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son ; an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the Revolution [of 1688] it of course became an inherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted."]



HAT Booker* can prognosticate,
Concerning kings or kingdoms' fate ?
I think myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies :

* Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove, and Dade, whose names occur in this and the following stanza, were the most famous astrologers and almanac makers in the seventeenth century.

My skill goes beyond,
The depth of a Pond,
Or Rivers in the greatest rain ;
Whereby I can tell,
All things will be well,
When the king enjoys his own again.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,
Can soar more high, nor deeper wade ;
Nor show a reason from the stars,
What causeth peace or civil wars :
The man in the moon
May wear out his shoon,
By running after Charles his wain ;
But all's to no end,
For the times will not mend,
Till the king enjoys his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of silk and silver brave,
Which formerly it used to have ;
With rich perfume
In every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
Which again you shall see,
When the time it shall be,
That the king enjoys his own again.

Full forty years the royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own ;
And is there any one but he,
That in the same should sharer be ?
For who better may
The sceptre sway,
Than he that hath such right to reign ?
Then let's hope for a peace,
For the wars will not cease,
Till the king enjoys his own again.

Till then upon Ararat's hill
My Hope shall cast her anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love :
Then will I wait,
Till the waters abate,
Which now disturb my troubled brain,
Else never rejoice,
Till I hear the voice,
That the king enjoys his own again.



A PROGNOSTICATION ON WILL LAUD,
LATE ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY,

WRITTEN A.D. 1641, WHICH ACCORDINGLY IS COME
TO PASS.

[The date of this ballad is 1644, and was probably written shortly after the fate of the Archbishop was made known. His trial lasted from the 12th March, 1643-4, to the 29th July, 1644. The bill of attainder against him was passed on the 4th January, 1644-5, and he suffered on Tower Hill with great firmness on the 10th of the same month.]



Y little lord, methinks 'tis strange,
That you should suffer such a change,
In such a little space.
You, that so proudly t'other day,
Did rule the king, and country fway,
Must budge to 'nother place.

Remember now from whence you came,
And that your grandfires of your name,
Were dressers of old cloth.*

* The Archbishop's father was a clothier at Reading.

Go, bid the dead men bring their shears,
And dress your coat to save your ears,
Or pawn your head for both.

The wind shakes cedars that are tall,
An haughty mind must have a fall,
You are but low I see ;
And good it had been for you still,
If both your body, mind, and will,
In equal shape should be.

The king by heark'ning to your charms,
Hugg'd our destruction in his arms,
And gates to foes did ope ;
Your staff would strike his sceptre down,
Your mitre would o'ertop the crown,
If you should be a Pope.

But you that did so firmly stand,
To bring in Popery in this land,
Have miss'd your hellish aim ;
Your saints fall down, your angels fly,
Your crosses on yourself do lie,
Your craft will be your shame.

We scorn that Popes with crozier staves,
Mitres, or keys, should make us slaves,
And to their feet to bend :



The Pope and his malicious crew,
We hope to handle all, like you,
And bring them to an end.

The silenc'd clergy, void of fear,
In your damnation will bear share,
And speak their mind at large :
Your cheese-cake cap and magpie gown,
That make such strife in ev'ry town,
Must now defray your charge.

Within this six years six ears have
Been cropt off worthy men and grave,
For speaking what was true ;
But if your subtle head and ears
Can satisfy those six of theirs,
Expect but what's your due.

Poor people that have felt your rod,
Yield *laud* to the devil *, praise to God,
For freeing them from thrall ;
Your little *grace*, for want of grace,
Must lose your patriarchal place,
And have no grace at all.

* Armstrong, the king's jester, once asked permission of his Majesty to say grace at dinner, when the Archbishop was present, which request being granted him, he exclaimed " All praise to the Lord, and little *laud* to the devil ! " a witticism that was never forgotten by the vulgar in the times of the Rebellion.

Your white lawn sleeves that were the wings
Whereon you soared to lofty things,
Must be your fins to swim ;
Th' Archbishop's *see* by Thames must go,
With him unto the Tower below,
There to be rack'd like him.

Your oath cuts deep, your lies hurt sore,
Your *canons* made Scot's cannons roar,
But now I hope you'll find,
That there are cannons in the Tower,
Will quickly batter down your power,
And sink your haughty mind.

The Commonalty have made a vow,
No oath, no canons to allow,
No Bishop's *Common Prayer* ;
No lazy prelates that shall spend
Such great revenues to no end,
But virtue to impair.

Dumb dogs that wallow in such store,
That would suffice above a score,
Pastors of upright will ;
Now they'll make all the bishops teach,
And you must in the pulpit preach,
That stands on Tower Hill.

When the young lads to you did come,
 You knew their meaning by the drum,
 You had better yielded then *;
 Your head and body then might have
 One death, one burial, and one grave,
 By boys—but two by men.

But you that by your judgments clear
 Will make five quarters in a year,
 And hang them on the gates
 That head shall stand upon the bridge,
 When your's shall under Traitor's trudge,
 And smile on your mis'd pates.

The little *Wren* † that soar'd so high
 Thought on his wings away to fly,
 Like *Finch* ‡, I know not whither ;
 But now the subtle whirly-*Wind*-
Debanke § hath left the bird behind,
 You two must flock together.

* Five hundred London apprentices marched to Lambeth Palace to seize him; but the Archbishop, being apprised of their design, effected his escape. One of the ringleaders, a tailor, was hung for this attempt.

† See ante, p. 4.

‡ Lord-Keeper Finch, who, to save his life, fled beyond sea, and did not return till the Restoration.

§ Sir Francis Windebanke, Secretary of State, and (says White-lock) "a great intimate of Archbishop Laud, having been questioned

A bishop's head, a deputy's breast,
A *Finch's* tongue, a *Wren* from 's nest,
Will set the Devil on foot ;
He's like to have a dainty dish,
At once both flesh and fowl and fish,
And *Duck* and *Lamb* to boot.

But this I say, that your lewd life
Did fill both Church and State with strife,
And trample on the Crown ;
Like a bless'd martyr you will die,
For Church's good ; she rises high,
When such as you fall down.

for relieving Jesuits and priests, and suspected of worse matters, to prevent any farther trial, he escaped into France [1640], where he remained to his death (as is reported) a professed papist."



A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

This ballad illustrates the confusion of the times by exposing the various expedients of the Commons to make themselves feared. In similar spirit, Marchmont Needham wrote, a few months later, in *Mercurius Pragmaticus* :

“ O goodly kirk that we have got
Of Loudon’s information ;
What thanks we owe unto the Scot
For our blest Reformation !
The Crown and Sceptre out of date,
The Mitre low doth lie ;
While we are govern’d by a state,
And hug Democracy.
We have no King, we are all kings,
And each doth do his pleasure ;
And therefore ’tis we act such things,
And sin beyond all measure.
When we have toil’d ourselves in vain,
For to be rulers all,
We must entreat our Sovereign
For to be Principal ! ”]



E have a King and yet no king,
For he hath lost his power ;
For ’gainst his will his subjects are
Imprison’d in the Tower.

We had some laws (but now no laws)
By which he held his crown ;

And we had estates and liberties,
But now they're voted down.

We had religion, but of late,
That's beaten down with clubs ;
Whilst that profaneness authoris'd
Is belch'd forth in tubs.

We were free subjects born, but now
We are by force made slaves,
By some whom we did count our friends,
But in the end prov'd knaves.

And now to such a grievous height
Are our misfortunes grown,
That our estates are took away,
By tricks before ne'er known.

For there are agents sent abroad
Most humbly for to crave
Our alms ; but if they are deny'd,
And of us nothing have ;

Then by a vote *ex tempore*
We are to prison sent,
Mark'd with the name of enemy,
To King and Parliament :

And during our imprisonment,
Their lawless bulls do thunder,
A licence to their soldiers,
Our houses for to plunder :

And if their hounds do chance to smell
A man whose fortunes are
Of some account, whose purse is full,
Which now is somewhat rare ;

A *monster* now *delinquent** term'd,
He is declar'd to be,
And that his lands, as well as goods,
Sequester'd ought to be.

As if our prisons were too good,
He is to Yarmouth sent,
By virtue of a warrant from
The King and Parliament.

Thus in our royal sovereign's name,
And eke his power infus'd,
And by the virtue of the same,
He and all his abus'd.

* Those who had been most noted for their adherence to the maxims of the Court or the principles of Laud were voted *delinquents*, and thereby kept in awe by the Commons, who, according as they conducted themselves towards that irresponsible body, could prosecute or leave them unmolested.

For by this means his castles now
Are in the power of those,
Who treach'rously with might and main,
Do strive him to depose.

Arise, therefore, brave British men,
Fight for your King and State,
Against those trait'rous men that strive,
This realm to ruinate.

'Tis Pym, 'tis Pym*, and his colleagues,
That did our woe engender;
Nought but their lives can end our woes,
And us in safety render.

* John Pym, the noted parliamentarian, who died in 1643.



THE NEW LITANY.

[Satirical pieces in the form of a Litany originated, and were very common, in the times of the Rebellion. They were so constructed to give additional annoyance to the Puritans and Presbyterians, whose rabid opposition to all established forms, whether in matters pertaining to religion or the state, was invariably based on a plea of conscience. The *New Litany* exposes the tyranny and hypocrisy of the now "omnipotent" Parliament.]



FROM an extempore prayer and a godly ditty,
From the churlish government of a city,
From the power of a country committee *,

Libera nos, Domine.

From the Turk, the Pope, and the Scottish nation †,
From being govern'd by proclamation ‡,
And from an old Protestant, quite out of fashion,

Libera, &c.

* During the war, the discretionary powers of the Country Committees were excused from a plea of necessity; but the nation was reduced to despair when it saw neither end put to their duration nor bounds to their authority. These committees could sequester, fine, imprison, and corporally punish, without law or remedy.

† The Scots, who had been summoned to the aid of the Parliament, committed depredations upon friend and foe alike.

‡ The King had prohibited, by proclamation (17th Oct. 1643), all commerce with London and other quarters of the Parliamentary forces.

From meddling with those that are out of our reaches,
 From a fighting priest, and a foldier that preaches,
 From an ignoramus that writes, and a woman that teaches,
Libera, &c.

From the doctrine of deposing of a king,
 From the *Directory**, or any such thing,
 From a fine new marriage without a ring,
Libera, &c.

From a city that yields at the first summons,
 From plund'ring goods, either man or woman's,
 Or having to do with the House of Commons,
Libera, &c.

From a stumbling horse that tumbles o'er and o'er,
 From ushering a lady or walking before,
 From an English-Irish Rebel †, newly come o'er,
Libera, &c.

* The *Directory* for the public worship of God, agreed upon by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, 1644, which was substituted for the book of *Common Prayer*. Of that famous Synod, Marchmont Needham, when a Royalist, wrote :

“ Only one text may 'scape their hands,
 Since they have ta'en such pains :
*To lay their lords in iron bands,
 And bind their kings in chains ! ”*

† The Earl of Thomond, who, when Lord Forbes was dispatched to Munster, was (says Ludlow) “unwilling to oppose the English interest, and no less to make the (Irish) rebels his enemies, chose to withdraw himself into England.” Though he bore offices under the Cromwells, yet he professed all loyalty to the Stuarts.

From compounding, or hanging in a filken altar,
From oaths and covenants, and being pounded in a mortar,
From contributions, or free-quarter,

Libera, &c.

From mouldy bread, and musty beer,
From a holiday's fast and a Friday's cheer,
From a brother-hood, and a she-cavalier *,

Libera, &c.

From Nick Neuter, for you, and for you,
From Thomas Turn-coat, that will never prove true,
From a reverend Rabbi that's worse than a Jew,

Libera, &c.

From a Country-Justice that still looks big,
From swallowing up the Italian fig,
Or learning of the Scottish jig,

Libera, &c.

From being taken in a disguise,
From believing of the printed lies,
From the Devil and from the Excise †,

Libera, &c.

* Alluding, probably, to the warlike lady Anne, wife of Sir Wm. Ingleby, of Ripley, Yorkshire, who accompanied her husband throughout the civil war.

† The excise was one of the principal and most obnoxious taxes levied by the Long Parliament. It was first introduced in 1643, by

From a broken pate with a pint pot,
 For fighting for I know not what,
 And from a friend as false as a Scot,

Libera, &c.

From one that speaks no sense, yet talks all that he can,
 From an old woman and a Parliament man,
 From an Anabaptist and a Presbyter man,

Libera, &c.

From Irish rebels and Welsh hubbub-men,
 From Independents and their tub-men,
 From sheriffs' bailiffs, and their club-men,

Libera, &c.

From one that cares not what he saith,
 From trusting one that never payeth,
 From a private preacher and a public faith,

Libera, &c.

From a vapouring horse and a Roundhead in buff,
 From roaring Jack Cavee, with money little enough,
 From beads and such idolatrous stuff,

Libera, &c.

Pym, who (according to Marchmont Needham) borrowed the idea from Holland :

“Free-quarter is a tedious thing,
 And so is the excise ;
 None can deliver us but the King
 From this d—d Dutch device.”

From holydays, and all that's holy,
From May-poles and fiddlers, and all that's jolly,
From Latin or learning, since that is folly,

Libera, &c.

And now to make an end of all,
I with the Roundheads had a fall,
Or else were hanged in Goldsmiths' Hall*,

Amen.

Benedicat Dominus.

* Where the Royalists compounded for their estates.



THE PARLIAMENT.

BY J^o CLEVELAND.

[This is one of the bitterest satires of John Cleveland (the first writer of eminence who espoused the Royal cause), and is aimed against the Long Parliament, which met on the 3rd November, 1640. Its doings are thus summed up by Butler, in one of his earliest effusions : —

“The Saints in masquerade would have us
Sit quietly whilst they enslave us ;
And, what is worse, by lies and cants,
Would trick us to believe 'em faints ;
And though by fines and sequestration
They've pillaged and destroy'd the nation,
Yet still they bawl for *Reformation* !”]



MOST Gracious and Omnipotent,
And Everlasting Parliament,
Whose Power and Majesty
Are greater than all kings by odds ;
And to account you less than gods,
Must needs be blasphemy.

Moses and Aaron ne'er did do
More wonder than is wrought by you,
For England's Israel ;
But though the Red Sea we have past,
If you to Canaan bring 's at last,
Is't not a miracle — ?

In six years space you have done more
Than all the Parliaments before ;
You have quite done the work.
The King, the Cavalier, and Pope,
You have o'erthrown, and next we hope,
You will confound the Turk.

By you we have deliverance,
From the design of Spain and France,
Ormond, Montrose, the Danes ;
You, aided by our brethren Scots,
Defeated have malignant plots,
And brought your sword to Cain's.

What wholesome laws you have ordain'd,
Whereby our property's maintained,
'Gainst those would us undo ;
So that our fortunes and our lives,
Nay, what is dearer, our own wives,
Are wholly kept by you.

Oh! what a flourishing Church and State,
Have we enjoy'd e'er since you sate,
With a glorious king (God save him!) :
Have you now made his Majesty,
Had he the grace but to comply,
And do as you would have him !

Your *Directory** how to pray
By the Spirit shows the perfect way ;
In zeal you have abolisht
The Dagon of the *Common Prayer*,
And next we see you will take care,
That Churches be demolisht.

A multitude in every trade
Of painful preachers you have made,
Learn'd by Revelation ;
Cambridge and Oxford made poor preachers,
Each shop affordeth better teachers —
O blessed Reformation !

Your godly wisdom hath found out,
The true religion, without doubt ;
For sure among so many,
We have five hundred at the least,
Is not the Gospel much increast ?
All must be pure if any.

Could you have done more piously
Than sell Church lands† the king to buy,
And stop the City's plenty ?

* See ante, p. 24.

† Episcopacy was abolished by ordinance 9th Nov. 1646, and a Commission appointed in the following year to proceed with the sale of the bishops' lands.

Paying the *Scots Church-militant*,
That the new Gospel helpt to plant,
God knows they are poor faints !

Because th' Apostle's creed is lame,
Th' Assembly doth a better frame,
Which saves us all with ease ;
Provided still we have the grace --
To believe th' House in the first place,
Our works be what they please.

'Tis strange your power and holiness
Can't the Irish devils dispossess *,
His end is very stout :
But tho' you do so often pray,
And ev'ry month keep fasting day †,
You cannot cast them out.

* Ireland was not finally subjugated by the Parliament till the year 1650.

† At the outbreak of the Rebellion a public fast was appointed by Parliament for the last Wednesday of every month ; but shortly after the death of the king the observation of it was annulled by proclamation (23rd April, 1649).



THE ANARCHIE, OR THE BLESSED RE- FORMATION SINCE 1640.

BEING A NEW CAROL WHEREIN THE PEOPLE EXPRESS THEIR
THANKS AND PRAY FOR THE REFORMERS.

To be said or sung of all the well-affected of the kingdom of England and
dominion of Wales, before they eat any plum-broth at Christmas.

To a rare new tune.

[Written by a loyalist about the period when Charles I. began to despair of success in England, and meditated throwing himself into the arms of the Scotch, which he did in the spring of the year 1647. A curious broadside of the day, entitled *The Mournfull Cryes of many thousand poore Tradesmen, who are ready to famish through the Decay of Trade; or, the warning Teares of the Oppressed*, contains a most lamentable account of the then state of the country, and more particularly of the City, as well as an exposure of the hot contentions between the various parliamentary sections, and the cupidity of all. "O yee Parliament men, heare our dying cry, *Settle the Commonwealth! Settle the Commonwealth!* strive not, who shall be greatestt untill you bee all confounded!"]



OW that, thanks to the Powers below,
We have e'en done our do,
The mitre is down,
And so is the crown,
And with them the coronet too ;

Come clowns, and come boys,
Come hober-de-hoys,
Come females of each degree ;
Stretch your throats, bring in your votes,
And make good the Anarchie.
And thus it shall go, says Alice,
Nay, thus it shall go, says Amy ;
Nay, thus it shall go, says Taffy, I trow,
Nay, thus it shall go, says Jamy.

Ah ! but the truth, good people all,
The truth is such a thing,
For it would undo, both Church and State too,
And cut the throat of our King ;
Yet not the Spirit, nor the new light,
Can make this point so clear,
But thou must bring out, thou deified rout,
What thing the truth is, and where.
Speak Abraham, speak Kester, speak Judith, speak Hester,
Speak tag and rag, short coat and long ;
Truth's the spell made us rebel,
And murder and plunder, ding-dong.
Sure I have the truth, says Numph ;
Nay, I ha' the truth, says Clemme ;
Nay, I ha' the truth, says Reverend Ruth ;
Nay, I ha' the truth, says Nem.

Well, let the truth be where it will,
We're sure all else is our's ;

Yet these divisions in our religions,
May chance abate our pow'rs :
Then let's agree on some one way,
It skills not much how true;
Take Prynne * and his clubs, or Say * and his tubs,
Of any sect, old or new ;
The Devil's i' th' pack, if choice you can lack,
We're fourscore religions strong,
Take your choice, the major voice
Shall carry it, right or wrong :
Then we'll be of this, says Megg ;
Nay, we'll be of that, says Tibb ;
Nay, we'll be all, says pitiful Paul ;
Nay, we'll be of none, says Gibb.

Neighbours and friends, pray one word more,
There's something yet behind ;
And wile though you be, you do not well see,
In which door sits the wind.
As for poor Religion, to speak right,
And in the House's sense,
The matter's all one to have any or none,
If 'twere not for the pretence :
But herein doth lurk the key of the work,
Even to dispose of the crown,

* The celebrated Wm. Prynne and Lord Say and Sele, the latter of whom was at one time as staunch a republican as the other was a Puritan.

Dexterously, and as may be
For your behoof in our own.
Then let's ha' King Charles, says George ;
Nay, let's have his son, says Hugh ;
Nay, let's ha' none, says jabbering John ;
Nay, let's be all kings, says Prue.

Oh ! we shall have (if we go on
In plunder, excise, and blood)
But few folks and poor to dominion o'er,
And that will not be so good :
Then let's resolve on some new way,
Some new and happy course ;
The country's grown sad, the city born mad,
And both Houses are worse.
The Synod has writ, the General hath—
And both to like purpose too ;
Religion, laws, the truth, the Cause,
Are talkt of, but nothing we do.
Come, come, shall 's ha' peace, says Nell ;
No, no, but we won't, says Madge ;
But I say we will, says fiery-faced Phill ;
We will and we won't, says Hadge.

Thus from the rout who can expect
Ought but division ;
Since Unity doth with Monarchy,
Begin and end in One.

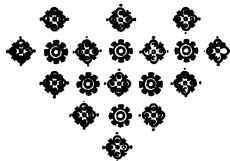
If then when all is thought their own,
And lies at their beheft ;
These popular pates reap nought but debates,
From that many Round-headed beast.
Come Royalists then, do you play the men,
And Cavaliers give the word ;
Now let's see, at what you would be,
And whether you can accord.
A health to King Charles, says Tom ;
Up with it, says Ralph, like a man ;
God blefs him, says Doll ; and raise him, says Moll ;
And send him his own, says Nan.

Now for those prudent Things that fit
Without end, and to none ;
And their committees, that towns and cities
Fill with confusion ;
For the bold troops of sectaries,
The Scots and their partakers ;
Our new British States, Col Burges * and his mates,
The Covenant and its makers :
For all these we'll pray, and in such a way,
As if it might granted be ;
Jack and Gill, and Mat and Will,
And all the world would agree.

* Dr. Cornelius Burges, lecturer at Paul's, London ; at one time chaplain to Charles I., and afterwards a zealous pensionary of the Parliament.

A p—x take them all, fays Befs ;
And a plague, too, fays Margery ;
The Devil, fays Dick ; and his dam, too, fays Nick ;
Amen, and Amen, fay I.

It is desired that the knights and burgeses would take especial care to send down full numbers hereof to their respective counties and boroughs, for which they have served apprenticeship, that all the people may rejoice as one man for their freedom.



UPON HIS MAJESTY'S COMING TO
HOLMBY.

[This ballad was written after Charles I. was sold and delivered to the English Commissioners by the Scotch, and conveyed by the former to Holmby House, Northamptonshire, en route for Newmarket (16th Feb. 1647.)]



OLD out, brave Charles, and thou shalt win
the field,
Thou canst not lose thyself, unless thou yield
On such conditions as will force thy hand
To give away thy sceptre, crown, and land;
And what is worse to hazard by thy fall,
To lose a greater crown more worth
than all.

Thy poor distressed Cavaliers rejoiced,
To hear thy Royal resolution voiced,
And are content far more poor to be
Than yet they are, so it reflects from thee:
Thou art our Sovereign still, in spite of hate,
Our zeal is to thy *person*, not thy *state*.

We are not so ambitious to desire
 Our drooping fortunes to be mounted higher,
 And thou so great a monarch, to our grief,
 Hast sue unto thy subjects for relief :

And when they set, and long debate about it,
 Must either stay their time, or go without it.

O, sacred Prince, thy friends esteem thee more
 In thy distresses than ere they did before ;
 And though their wings be clipt, their wishes fly
 To Heaven by millions for a fresh supply :

That as thy cause was so betrayed by *men*,
 It may by *angels* be restored agen.



THE MEMBERS' JUSTIFICATION.

[On the 23rd June, 1647, the army presented itself before Westminster, and charged with high treason Denzil, Holles, Glyn, Waller, and eight more of the leading Presbyterians, and insisted upon their being expelled the House. The obnoxious members accordingly withdrew; and the greater number of them, suspecting the intentions of their opponents, quitted the kingdom, and fought a refuge in Holland and elsewhere.]



EN HOLLIS is a gallant man,
And was for them too crafty;
What he pretended for the king,
Was for the members' safety.

Sir Stapleton's * a firm brave boy,
Although his spouse is courtly,
He went to York, and labor's loſt,
He could not bring Frank Wortley.†
The Parliament hath ſitten cloſe,
As ere did knight in ſaddle;
For they have ſitten full ſix years,
And now their eggs prove addle.

* Sir Philip Stapleton, M.P. for Heydon, Yorkſhire. He was one of thoſe that fled, and died of the plague ſhortly afterwards at Calais.

† Sir F. Wortley, Bart. of Wortley, Yorkſhire, a ſtout Royaliſt, then a priſoner in the Tower.

Brave Fairfax did himself besiege
Poor Frank, and him hath undone,
Yet lost more men in taking him,
Than he did taking London :.
Now whither is Will Waller gone ? *
To sea with Prince-Elector ;
Will he forsake his lady so,
And leave her no protector ?
The Parliament, &c.

Jack Maynard † is a loyal blade,
Yet blind as any beetle ;
He purchases the bishops' lands,
Yet scarce can see Paul's steeple.
Both Glyn and Harlow ‡ are for Wales,
And Lewis § for his madams ;
These Britons will not change their bloods
With Noah's, or scarce with Adam's.
The Parliament, &c.

* Sir William Waller, the well-known Parliament general ; he was one of those who fled his country.

† Sir John Maynard, with Jo. Glynn, M.P. for Caernarvon, Serjeant-at-arms, and Recorder of London, remained behind. They were both committed to the Tower, on the charge of high treason, in the following September.

‡ Col. Edw. Harley (not Harlow), M.P. for Herefordshire, and brother to Sir Robt. Harley.

§ Sir Wm. Lewis, M.P. for Petersfield, Hants. He fled over sea.

Clotworthy * is a zealous man,
 Yet hath his purse well lined ;
 So hath Wat Long† yet he's, we know,
 Religiously inclined :
 But Nichols ‡ is for Pluto's court,
 In inquest of his father,
 Or his uncle Pym, there he found,
 Stroud, Hampden, Pym, together.
 The Parliament, &c.

These three have Pluto's Mercury sent,
 And wonder they prove such men,
 To make three kingdoms one poor State,
 And do it worse than Dutchmen.
 Their Synod § now sits in great fear,
 And so does Jack Presbyter ||,
 That we shall have a king again,
 And once more see a mitre.
 Yet they have sitten wondrous close,
 As ere did knight in fiddle,
 For they have sitten full seven years,
 And now their eggs prove addle.

* Sir John Clotworthy also passed out of the kingdom. He it was who framed the charge against the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. He was one of the Commissioners to treat with the over-bearing army.

† Walter Long, M.P. for Bath ; he accompanied Hollis and Sir P. Stapleton to France.

‡ Anthony Nichols, M.P. for Boffiney, Cornwall ; he was arrested while attempting to put to sea.

§ The Synod for the Suppression of Blasphemies, &c.

// The proverbial name of the Presbyterian party.

THE CRYES OF WESTMINSTER;

*Or a Whole Pack of Parliamentary
Knavery Opened and Set to Sale.*

[This scurrilous broadside was published 22nd Feb., 1647, when the Parliament, having finally triumphed over the King, and secured him in the Isle of Wight, disgusted the moderate party by strictly prohibiting (17th Jan.) all communication with him. As a palliation of their conduct they published their famous Declaration (15th Feb.), which afterwards served as a model for the impeachment of Charles in their High Court of Justice. At no period during the Rebellion were so many ballads and pamphlets published against the dominant powers as at this. In vain the Parliament ordered them to be burned by the hand of the common hangman, and offered rewards for the discovery of their authors. *The Cryes of Westminster*, which was included, doubtless, amongst those just referred to, is absolutely decent compared with *The Parliament's Ten Commandments*, *A New Testament of our Lords and Saviours the House of Commons*, &c. &c.]



COME, customers, come : Pray see what you
lack,
Here's Parliament wares of all sorts in my
pack.

Who buys any Parliament Privileges —
My new Privileges ?

'Twill teach you many pretty things,
 And raise you above gods and kings.
*These are the cries of Westminster,
 That are heard both far and near,
 But a while, I pray, stand by,
 And you shall hear another cry.*

Who buys the Parliament's Declaration against
 the King? New, new, new.
 'Twill surely unblind your eyes,
 That you may read a hundred lies.
Thus goe the cries of Westminster, &c.

Buy a new Ordinance to repair Churches :
 A new Ordinance : New, new, new.
 The Achans now restore the pledge,
 To save their saintships' sacrilege.
Thus goe the cries of Westminster, &c.

Buy a new Ordinance of the Commons
 against stage-players * : *New-lye* printed, and
New-lye come forth.
 Saints now alone must *act* for riches,
 The plot outsmells old Atkins' † breeches.
Thus goe the cries of Westminster, &c.

* On 22nd Jan., 1647, all stage-plays were suppressed "for the future," and the mayor and other magistrates ordered "to take down all boxes and seats" in the theatres.

† Sir John Atkins, the puritanic alderman (and subsequently lord mayor) of London. Few of his contemporaries were more severely "balladed" than this unfortunate individual.

Buy a new Ordinance of the Commons. That none
 shall make any more Addresses* to the King, or
 receive any Message from him, upon pain of
 High-treason, Imprisonment, Death, or Plun-
 dering : But when these shall swing in a string,
 true subjects will obey their King.
 Challoner, Mildmay, Martin, Veine,
 Are sitting of their crowns to reigne.

Thus goe the cries of Westminster, &c.

Buy a new plot, found out by Sir John Wray †,
 to blow up the Thames, or the city to betray,
 'tis as true as all the rest, before ne'er known by
 man or beaft.
 'Twill keep you still in jealousies and fears,
 And set you altogether by the ears.

Thus goe the cries of Westminster, &c.

* 17th Jan., 1647. "Resolved, &c. By the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, that the person or persons that shall make breach of this order [*i. e.* by addressing the King] shall incur the penalty of high treason."

† Sir John Wray, of Glentworth, Bart., who made himself extremely ridiculous by his constant fear of plots by the Jesuits and others. The satirist here probably alludes to the baronet's characteristic conduct about this time, when an overcrowded bench in the House suddenly gave way with a loud crash, and precipitated several members to the floor, and Sir John, by shouting out that "*he smelt gunpowder*," added greatly to the confusion of the scene.

Buy the four Bills sent by the Parliament
from Selden * and my Lady Kent ; after long de-
bate of this blessed Parliament ; who buys
the Four bills here.† Great Charles he will
not betray his trust unto such as they ; his ho-
nor's still intire, his conscience tried nine times
i' th' fire, the Devil give all his foes their hire
and raise them toward Heaven above a halter
higher.

Let all the people say, Amen,
For we shall ne'er have peace till then.

Thus goe the cryes of Westminster, &c.

Who buys any bishops' houses, or their
goods, books, house-hold stuff or hoods ; here
are good pasture grounds, corn, hay, and grafs
in all our rounds, if it be not good the De-
vil confounds. Amen.

May all the trees to gibbets turn,
Or firing make to hang or burn.

Thus goe the cryes of Westminster, &c.

* The learned John Selden, solicitor and steward of the Earl of Kent, whose lady was a great patron of literature and learning, and therefore the friend of Selden.

† The four bills proposed for the King's assent, namely, those relating to the Great Seal, Honours and Titles, Abolition of Episcopacy, and Declarations and Proclamations against the Parliament.

Have you any old arrears for the army, I'll
 give you tickets for 'em ; have you any subsidies,
 poll-money, loans, or contributions ; have
 you any plate, horse, or arms, old bodkins
 or thimbles, or wedding-rings *, have ye any :
 Have you any more Irish adventures for sale of
 lands †, or a trick for one meal a-week. City
 Loans have you any ; or Assessments for the
 Scots ; have you any Five-and twenty parts,
 weekly or monthly assessments for Essex, Fair-
 fax, Manchester's, the Scots, or Irish army. Free-
 quarter have you any. Have you any of his
 Majesty's Revenue to sell, old sequestrations
 or plunder ; have you any more Excise, or For-
 tification money, or fines for delinquents,

* The women were zealous contributors to the Parliamentary cause, and poured into the common treasury of war (1647) their earrings, silver spoons, thimbles and bodkins ; " infomuch (says May, *Parl. Hist.*) that it was a common jeer of men disaffected to the Cause to call it the Thimble and Bodkin Army." So Butler : —

" Women, who were our first apostles,
 Without whose aid w' had all been lost else ;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd
 In which *The Cause* might be concern'd,
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols."

Hudi. Part II. c. ii.

† Alluding to the sale of the rebels' lands in Ireland.

compositions, &c., or a new Ordinance for
400,000*l.* the month.

This is our *liberty* for to pay

The faints that now King Charles betray.

*Thus goe the cries of Westminster,
That are heard both far and near,
For a while I pray stand by,
And you will hear another cry.*



THE SECOND PART.

(To the same tune.)



Y new Articles of Faith*, who buys
the Parliament's New Faith? You
may see by their WORKS, they are worse
than Jews or Turks; let their faith be what
it will, their religion is to kill.

Thus goe the cries, &c.

Who buys any Parliament jugglings of
the newest fashion? *Hocus Pocus* never
shew'd more to cheat the nation, here is a

* The *Confession of Faith* set forth by the Assembly of Divines,
and confirmed by an ordinance of Parliament.

trick, by Martin's ring, shall suddenly depose
 a king ; Tom * shews you a pretty trick also,
 and at New-Market and St. Albans tells us
 what he means to doe : Trusty Thomas thus
 keeps his promise with his king ; grace for-
 sake him, Devil take him, may all such false
 knaves fwing.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Who buys the army's propofals† ; custo-
 mers pray draw near, the Devil in his pack
 had ne'er such gear ; Here's Cromwell's mas-
 ter-piece, 'twill blind your eyes, and fill
 your head with fifteen-hundred lyes.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Here's a fine Order, was the like ever seen,
 shall murder all that love their King or
 Queen, a knot of such traitorous

* Sir Thos. Fairfax, who (11th Feb. 1647) met the King on his way to Holmby, and discoursed with him on public affairs. Charles having observed, after the interview, "that the General was a man of honour, and kept his word with him," the royalists hastily concluded at Fairfax had promised to restore the King, despite the opposition of the Independents.

† Referring to the many propofals for disbanding the army, now at the war had terminated in the defeat and captivity of the King. The army, however, refused to disband until it had received the long years of pay due to it, as well as an indemnity for all acts done during the late struggles.

Regicides were surely never seen, as Chal-
loner, Mildmay, Martin, and Veine, all Parlia-
ment kings, that over us reigne : 'They are
all glutted with their fellow-subjects' blood,
and yet pretend their good, but pray let it
be understood, for all Burley's * blood, before
Jenkins † shall die, a hundred thousand in the
City of London will try, to make Martin, and
all such rogues to fly.

*These be the cries of London town,
Some go up street, some goes down,
But a while I pray stand by,
And you will hear another cry.*

A new Ordinance, pray come and buy,
to establish the Presbytery ‡ ; what Religion

* Capt. Burley, who was hung for attempting to rescue the King
whilst a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle.

† David Jenkins, one of the Welsh judges, who was charged with
high treason for publishing his *Lex Terra* (1647), in which he
denied the authority and exposed the tyranny of the Long Parlia-
ment :

“ Those who have writ for the King, the good King,
Be it rhyme or reason,
If they please but to look
Through Jenkins's book,
They'll hardly find it treason.”

Sir Francis Wortley.

‡ Alluding to the ordinance, passed by both Houses in January,
for dividing the kingdom into “ distinct classical presbyteries,” and
“ congregational elderships.”

next, puts me beyond my text? If this won't please you, see another, pray Sir try, for I have a hundred more here in my pack for you to buy.

These be the cries, &c.

Who buys a new Order, to new dip the King's ships, and to their eternal fames, give them all new names; the Parliament's ships forsooth; the *Royal Sovereign* must be the *Royal Traitor*, the *Prince*, the Parliament *Pinck*, and the whole Fleet the Parliament's navy. O brave Pirates! whither are ye bound, let cross winds tofs you, whilst you all are drown'd.

Thus to the world they make it known,
Crown, sceptre, ships, and ALL's your own.

These be the cries, &c.

Who buys a new petition from Taunton, that the Devil brought the last great wind, and the traitors now vaunt on. New, new, new; but as false as God is true, and so ye juggling devils all adieu.

Thus goe the cries, &c.

AN EXECRATION TO ALL THAT HATE KING CHARLES.



MAY God forsake ye, may the Devil take
 ye, may disease eat up your bones, con-
 sume your rotten members, may the palseie
 shake your hands and heads, and bloody
 visions haunt your beds ; all Egypt's plagues,
 and two times more, wait on you all at ei-
 ther door ; may all your wives turn arrant
 jades, and you live upon their trades ; may
 the gout be in your toes, and no end be to
 your woes ; may no surgeon hear your
 moans, and all your joys be sighs and groans ;
 may the running of the reins, or the
 quinzey seize your brains ; may the tooth-
 ache and the fever, to plague you still do
 their endeavour ; may the strangullion be
 your best friend, and ne'er forsake you till
 your end ; may you be the People's scorn,
 and curse the hour that you were born ;
 May Bedlam or Bridewell be all the house
 you have to dwell ; may your children's chil-
 dren beg from door to door, and all their
 kindred, may they still be poor ; may a guil-
 ty conscience still affright ye, and no earth-
 ly joys delight ye ; may you have aches in

your rotten bones, gravel in your kidneys, as well as stones ; may your daughters turn out bad, and their fathers go clean mad ; may they never sleep in quiet, and fear poison in their diet ; may they never sorrow lack, and so the Pedlar shuts his Pack. Only when they die ('cause they were never true), when that their souls depart, Devil claim thy due !

Printed in a Hollow-tree for the good of the State.
[22nd Feb. 1647.]



I THANK YOU TWICE ;

OR,

THE CITY COURTING THEIR OWN RUIN,
THANK THE PARLIAMENT TWICE FOR THEIR TREBLE
UNDOING.

[This broadside was published, according to Thomason, on the 21st August, 1647. It exposes the arbitrary measures of the Long Parliament.]



HE hierarchy is out of date ;
Our monarchy was sick of late ;
But now 'tis grown an excellent state :
Oh, God a-mercy, Parliament !

The teachers knew not what to say ;
The 'prentices have leave to play* ;
The people have all forgotten to pray :
Still, God a-mercy, Parliament !

* All the old festive days having been abolished by the fanatical Puritans, the London apprentices bestirred themselves, in the year 1647, and clamoured loudly for the restitution of their time-honoured rights. This movement resulted in the publication of an Ordinance by which the second Tuesday in every month was appointed to be kept generally as a holiday.

The Roundhead and the Cavalier
Have fought it out almost seven year,
And yet, methinks, they are never the near :
Oh, God, &c.

The gentry are sequestered all ;
Our wives you find at Goldsmith Hall,
For there they meet with the devil and all * :
Still, God, &c.

The Parliament are grown to that height,
They care not a pin what his Majesty saith ;
And they pay all their debts with the public faith ;
Oh, God, &c.

Though all we have here is brought to nought,
In Ireland we have whole lordships bought †,
There we shall one day be rich, 'tis thought :
Still, God, &c.

* Alluding to the distressing scenes that were daily witnessed in Goldsmiths' Hall, where the Committee of Sequestration sat, and the wives and widows, with their children, of the unfortunate royalists were assembled, and petitioned "the Saints" in vain for a portion of the property of which the latter had despoiled them.

† The rebels' lands in Ireland were confiscated and put to sale at low rates, as an inducement to the English to settle in that country.

We must forsake our father and mother,
And for the state undo our own brother,
And never leave murdering one another :
Oh, God, &c.

Now the King is caught, and the devil is dead ;
Fairfax must be disbanded *,
Or else he may chance be Hotham-ed.†
Still, God, &c.

They have made King Charles a glorious king ;
He was told, long ago, of such a thing ;
Now he and his subjects have reason to sing
Oh, God a-mercy, Parliament !

* Parliament had just voted the disbanding of the army.

† Sir John Hotham and his son were executed in January, 1645,
for corresponding with the King relative to the surrender of Hull to
the latter.



PRATTLE YOUR PLEASURE
(UNDER THE ROSE).

[This sarcastic song against the irresponsible Parliament is subscribed "Mr. Finis," and dated "Mr. An. Dom. 1647." Whilst it exposes the peculative doings of the Parliamentary Committees, it testifies at the same time how completely the people were cowed into submission and silence by the sword.],



HERE is an old proverb which all the world
knows,
Anything may be spoke, if 't be under the
rose.

Then now let us speak, whilst we are in the hint,
Of the state of the land, and th' enormities in 't.

Under the rose be it spoke, there is a number of knaves,
More than ever were known in a state before ;
but I hope that their mischiefs have digg'd their own
graves,
and we'll never trust knaves for their sakes any more.

Under the rose be it spoken, the City's an ass
so long to the public to let their gold run,
'o keep the King out ; but 'tis now come to pass,
am sure they will lose, whosoever has won.

Under the rofe be it fpoken, there's a company of men,
Trainbands* they are call'd — a plague confound 'em —
And when they are waiting at Weftminfter Hall,
May their wives be beguil'd and begat with child all !

Under the rofe be it fpoken, there's a damn'd committee,
Sits in hell (Goldfmith's Hall †) in the midft of the City,
Only to fequefter the poor Cavaliers —
The Devil take their fouls, and the hangman their ears.

Under the rofe be it fpoke, if you do not repent
Of that horrible fin, your pure Parliament ;
Pray ftay till Sir Thomas ‡ doth bring in the King,
Then Derrick § may chance have 'em all in a ftting.

Under the rofe be it fpoke, let the Synod now leave
To wrefte the whole Scripture, how fouls to deceive ;
For all they have fpoke or taught will ne'er fave 'em,
Unlefs they will leave that fault, hell's fure to have 'em !

* The trainbands of the City had been drawn out to fupport the Presbyterian intereft.

† The Committee of Sequestration fat in Goldfmiths' Hall.

‡ Vide note, p. 49.

§ The common hangman.



THE OLD PROTESTANT'S LITANY.

AGAINST ALL SECTARIES
AND THEIR DEFENDANTS,
BOTH PRESBYTERIANS
AND INDEPENDENTS.

[The imprint of this broadside intimates that it was published in "the year of Hope, 1647," and Thomason, the collector, has added the precise date, namely, the 7th of September. The close of this memorable year was spent in intrigue and negotiation. The Presbyterians, supported by the Covenanters, were struggling to establish an oligarchical ascendancy in themselves against the increasing influence of the Independents. Charles secretly corresponded, in turn, with the two former factions, and indulged hopes of uniting them to the Irish Catholics, whom he contemplated bringing over to his assistance. The King's duplicity lost him the confidence of all. The Independents, by means of the army, having obtained the mastery over the Presbyterians, shortly afterwards proceeded to remove the only remaining obstacle to their entire supremacy. The ballad illustrates the confusion arising from so many conflicting interests in the State.]



HAT thou wilt be pleas'd to grant our requests,
And quite to destroy all the vipers' nests,
That England and her true religion molests

Te rogamus audi nos.

That thou wilt be pleas'd to censure with pity
The present estate of our once famous city;
Let her still be govern'd by men just and witty;

Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleas'd to confider the Tower,
And all other prisons in the Parliament's power,
Where King Charles his friends find their welcome but
four ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleas'd to look on the grief
Of the King's old servants, and send them relief,
Restore to the Yeomen o' th' Guard chines of beef ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleas'd very quickly to bring
Unto his just rights our so much wrong'd King,
That he may be happy in everything ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That Whitehall may shine in its pristine lustre,
That the Parliament may make a general muster,
That knaves may be punish'd by men who are juster ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That now the dog-days are fully expir'd,
That those curfed curs, which our patience have tired,
May suffer what is by true justice required ;

Te rogamus, &c.



That thou wilt be pleas'd to incline conqu'ring Thomas *
(Who now hath both City and Tower gotten from us)
That he may be just in performing his promise ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That our hopeful Prince and our gracious Queen
(Whom we here in England long time have not seen)
May soon be restor'd to what they have been ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That the rest of the Royal issue may be
From their Parliamentary guardians set free†,
And be kept according to their high degree ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That our ancient Liturgy may be restor'd,
That the organs (by sectaries so much abhorr'd)
May sound divine praises, according to the Word ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That the ring in marriage, the cross at the font,
Which the Devil and the Roundheads so much affront,
May be us'd again, as before they were wont ;

Te rogamus, &c.

* Sir Thomas Fairfax entered London, at the head of the army, 6th August, 1647, and was appointed Governor of the Tower. Both the Parliament and City were now completely at the mercy of his troops, who, on the day following their entry, wantonly damaged many of the public buildings, &c.

† The royal children were at this time under the Duke of Northumberland's care at Sion House ; it had not yet been proposed to apprentice the Princess Elizabeth to a button-maker.

That Episcopacy, uf'd in its right kind,
In England once more entertainment may find,
That Scots and lewd factions may go down the wind ;
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleas'd again to restore
All things in due order, as they were before,
That the Church and the State may be vex'd no more ;
Te rogamus, &c.

That all the King's friends may enjoy their estates,
And not be kept, as they have been, at low rates,
That the poor may find comfort again at their gates ;
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt all our oppressions remove,
And grant us firm faith and hope, join'd with true love,
Convert or confound all which virtue reprove ;
Te rogamus, &c.

That all peevish Sects that would live uncontroll'd,
And will not be govern'd as all subjects should,
T' New England may pack*, or live quiet i' th' Old ;
Te rogamus, &c.

* Charles' subjects, as well as himself, had occasion to regret that the leading Puritans were not suffered to depart, according to their desire, for New England, before the breaking out of the civil war. Of the many satirical songs of the period, referring to the "religious

That gracious King Charles, with his children ~~and wife~~,
 Who long time have suffer'd thro' this civil ~~strife~~,
 May end with high honour this natural ~~life~~ ;

Te rogamus, &c.

That they who have seiz'd on honest men's treasure *,
 Only for their loyalty to God and to Cæsar,
 May in time convenient find measure for measure ;

Te rogamus, &c.

liberty " enjoyed by the emigrants to that colony, the following is, perhaps, unsurpassed for its sarcasm and wit :—

New England is preparing a-pace,
 To entertain King Pym, with his grace,
 And Isaac before shall carry the mace :

For Roundheads Old Nick stand up now !

No surplice, nor no organs there,
 Shall ever offend the eye or the ear ;
 But a spiritual preach, with a three-hours pray'r ;

For Roundheads, &c.

All things in zeal shall there be carried,
 Without any porridge read over the buried,
 No crossing of infants, nor rings for the married :

For Roundheads, &c.

The swearer there shall punish'd be still,
 But drunkenneff private be counted no ill,
 Yet both kinds of lying as much as you will ;

For Roundheads, &c.

Blow winds, hoist sails, and let us begone,
 But be sure we take our plunder along,
 That Charles may find little when as he doth come.

For Roundheads, &c.

* The sum of 300,000*l.* raised upon the estates of the Royalists, was appropriated exclusively to their own use by the parliamentary committees at this period.

That thou all these blessings upon us wilt fend,
We are no *Independents*, on Thee we depend,
And as we believe, from all harm us defend ;

Te rogamus, &c.



THE CITIES WELCOME TO COLONEL RICH
AND COLONEL BAXTER,

WITH THEIR SOLEMN INVITATION TO THE
SAINTED COMMANDERS OF THE
ARMY, TO COME AND QUARTER AMONGST THEM.

[Composed when Fairfax, having reduced all the King's garrisons,
returned in triumph to London, with part of his army, and took up
his quarters at Whitehall.]



If we may dare to say
That you most welcome are,
Most holy, holy colonels,
Great Moguls of the war :

Our blessed Parliament,
Most wisely for you sent,
Your forces near to draw
For to keep us in awe.

For we are sure to be
Your vassals and your slaves,
And 'tis but justice, we confess,
That knaves should stoop to knaves :

We were the first that strove,
Such was our zealous love ;
We are the last shall smart,
But you shall bear a part.

Therefore come with fife and drum,
Ye army that are fainted ;
And quarter here amongst us,
We long to be acquainted :
Oh 't will be very brave
Free-quarter here to have ;
Each house turn'd to an inn,
What wonders then begin ?

Hewson, we have been to thee,
Ere now obliged much,
For shoes which thou hast sold us,
Therefore we shall not grutch.
Pride, thee we shall not jeer,
Thou ever brought's good beer,
Measure thou didst allow,
We'd liquor thee, I vow.

Col. Hewson,
a shoemaker.

Col. Pride, some-
time a drayman.

Okey, thou hast ere now,
Before we were such noddies,
Although thou stolest half in half,
Made garments for our bodies.

Col. Okey, a
tailor.

Staines, pray thou be not mift,	Staines, a cozen-
Who art an alchymift ;	ing alchymift.
When we have ſpent our ſtore,	
Thy ſtone will help to more.	

Watſon, thee I long to ſee,	Watſon, a
By God, and by the Hallowes,	clipper.
We are glad that for embating coin,	
Thou lately 'ſcap'ſt the gallows.	

Come, Lambert, there's a crew	Lambert, a
Would be baptized anew ;	dipper.
Come with thy troops to town,	
Help maids and wives to drown.	

Oliver, we thee prefer,	King Cromwell.
To guide theſe boys unto us,	
Thou art the king of our new ſtate,	
And worthy to undo us.	
Thy noſe and fiery face,	
Speak thee a babe of grace,	
And moſt regenerate,	
As ſack did e'er create.	

There's no ſuch thing as Charles our King,
 We here renounce him ever ;
 We'll have no king but thee, ſweet Noll,
 Or Tom *, that glorious feather :

* Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Fairfax, Commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary Forces.

Our houses we'll prepare
For thy brave men of war,
Our wives we will adorn—
He's happy wears the horn.

Don't you believe we will deceive
Our trust, or the least harm you ;
Or that we will a rising make,
And then by force disarm you :
Or that when as you sleep,
We'll on your faces peep ;
And for to gain your coats,
Most wisely cut your throats.

You cannot sure but be secure
'Mongst us that first did raise you ;
Who have allow'd you constant pay,
And evermore did praise you :
Do you not fear to venter
Amongst us for to enter ;
You know the Danes thriv'd well
Until the dismal knell.*

Alas, you know the case is so,
We now must be content
To smart for our base follies ;
Our trusty Parliament

* Alluding to the general massacre of the Danes by order of
Ethelred II., 13th November, 1002.

(And you) have jointly now agreed
To prey on all we have ;
But yet, by God, we'll break the rod,
And fight, our goods to save.

The Scottish nation are out of fashion,
You have no farther need,
But Jocky is resolved
To come on this side Tweed :
They'll now not be content
To have their money* sent ;
They'll come themselves and strain,
And then come back again.

But first, those men accurst
That have abus'd their King,
They mean to call to an account
For their good governing :
Say must no longer rule,
Nor Martin, that same mule ;
And all the holy flock
Must taste the chopping block.

Whitehall now, I know not how,
Is topsy-turvy turn'd ;
The thimble-makers' † bonny-boys
Have private mansions scorn'd :

* The purchase-money of King Charles, namely, 200,000*l*.

† Vide p. 47.

King's houses only be
Fit for our soldiery ;
Parliament, army, all
Are Kings in general.

Come then, dear brethren,
And fortify the city ;
All that is in't we know is yours,
Yet pray show us some pity :
Or rather be so wise
To follow this advice,
Keep yourselves where you are,
For we your mart shall mar.



THE PURITAN.

BY JOHN CLEVELAND.

[This ballad has been sometimes attributed to Samuel Butler, but it is to be found in the earliest editions of the poetical works of John Cleveland, who no doubt was the real author of it. The ignorance, vulgarity, fanaticism, and, above all, the ridiculous appearance of the Puritan preachers, were fertile themes for the wits of the age. Lucy Hutchinson, in the life of her husband, the Colonel, observes : "Every stage, and every table, and every puppet-play, belched forth profane scoffs upon the Puritans ; the drunkards made them their songs ; and all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, as finding it the most gameful way of fooling." Butler's "Roundhead" is quite as characteristic as Cleveland's "Puritan," and well worth repetition,—at least, the first four stanzas of it :—

What creature's that, with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,

That this new faith hath founded ?
The saints themselves were never such,
The prelates ne'er ruled half so much ;
O ! such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the bishops hate,
And counts their calling reprobate,
'Cause by the Pope propounded ;
And thinks a zealous cobbler better
Than learned Usher in every letter ?
O ! such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth *high-treason* say
 As often as his *aye* and *nay*,
 And with the King confounded;
 And dares maintain that Mr. Pim
 Is fitter for a crown than him?

O! such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that, if he chance to hear
 A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,
 Doth think his conscience wounded;
 Will go five miles to preach and pray,
 And meet a sister by the way?

O! such a rogue's a Roundhead.]



WITH face and fashion to be known,
 For one of sure election;
 With eyes all white, and many a groan,
 With neck aside to draw in tone,
 With harp in's nose, or he is none:
 See a new Teacher of the town—
 O the Town, O the Town's new Teacher!

With pate cut shorter than the brow*,
 With little ruff starch'd, you know how,
 With cloak like Paul, no cape I trow,
 With surplice none; but lately now
 With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
 See a new Teacher, &c.

* The reason commonly assigned by the Puritans for cutting their hair shorter than their ears was, "because long hair hindered the sound of the word from entering into the heart"!

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
 To get new gatherings every week,
 With paltry change of *and* to *eke*,
 With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
 To find out words, when stuff's to seek :
 See a new Teacher, &c.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
 With some outlandish institution,
 With Urfine's catechism * to muse on,
 With System's method for confusion,
 With grounds strong laid of mere illusion :
 See a new Teacher, &c.

With rites indifferent all damned,
 And made unlawful, if commanded,
 Good works of Popery down banded,
 And moral laws from him estranged,
 Except the Sabbath still unchanged† :
 See a new Teacher, &c.

* An allusion to the celebrated Zachary Ursinus' Lectures on the catechism, entitled *The Summe of the Christian Religion*, translated Henry Parry in 1587, a work that was greatly esteemed and very popular in the seventeenth century.

† So Marchmont Needham :—

We are, the learned Synod says,
 The Church of England's *nurse* ;
 Who make them keep the Sabbath days,
 And all the week to curse !

With speech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldness in predestination,
With threats of absolute damnation,
Yet *Yea* and *Nay* hath some salvation,
For his own tribe, not every nation* :
See a new Teacher, &c.

With after license cast a crown,
When Bishop new had put him down ;
With tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town,
Of teaching men to hang and drown :
See a new Teacher, &c.

With flesh-provision to keep Lent,
With shelves of sweetmeats often spent,
Which new maid bought, old lady sent,
Though, to be saved, a poor present ;
Yet legacies assure the event :
See a new Teacher, &c.

* Sir William Dugdale, in his *Short View of the late Troubles in England*, gives the following specimen of a prayer offered at Southampton by a Puritan :—" Bless the King, O Lord, mollify his heart that delighteth in blood ; open his eyes that he may see that the blood of saints is dear in thy sight. He is fallen from faith in thee, and become an enemy to the Church : Is it not he that has sinned, and done evil indeed ? but as for these sheep [the Puritans] what have they done ? Let thy hand, we pray thee, O Lord our God, be upon *him*, and on his father's house ; *but not on thy people, that they shall be plagued.*"

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear sermons, and no more ;
With noting tools, and figs great store,
With bibles great to turn them o'er,
While he wrests places by the score :
See a new Teacher, &c.

With running text, the nam'd forsaken,
With *for* and *but*, both by sense shaken,
Cheap doctrines forc'd, wild uses taken,
Both sometimes one by mark mistaken,
With anything to any shapen :
See a new Teacher, &c.

With new wrought caps, against the canon,
For taking cold, tho' sure he have none ;
A sermon's end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when's glass had run one,
New use, new points, new notes to stand on :
See a new Teacher, &c.







COMMONWEALTH





A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES ;
A CROWN FOR CROMWELL ;
AND A PIT FOR THE PEOPLE.

To the tune of "Fain I would."

[This curious ballad was composed when the dissolution of the Monarchy was completed. It is dated the 23rd April (1649), or just about the period when the self-constituted "keepers of the liberties of England" declared it high treason to proclaim or otherwise acknowledge Charles the Second. The ballad exhibits throughout the reactionary feeling that took place in the public mind upon beholding the tragical fate of the King.]

I.

Cromwell on the Throne.



O, so, the deed is done,
the royal head is severed,
As I meant when I first begun
and strongly have endeavoured.
Now Charles the I. is tumbled down,
the Second, I do not fear ;
I grasp the sceptre, wear the crown,
nor for Jehovah care.

2.

King Charles in his Coffin.

Think'st thou, base slave, though in my grave
like other men I lie,
My sparkling fame and Royal name
can (as thou wishest) die ?
Know, caitif, in my son I live
(the Black Prince * call'd by some),
And he shall ample vengeance give
to those that did my doom.

3.

The People in the Pit.

Supprest, deprest, involv'd in woes,
great Charles, thy People be
Basely deceiv'd with specious shows
by those that murder'd thee.
We are enslav'd to Tyrants' hefts,
who have our freedom won :
Our fainting hope now only rests
on thy succeeding son.

4.

Cromwell on the Throne.

Base vulgar! know the more you stir,
the more your woes increase,

* Owing to the swarthiness of his complexion. Charles II. is also described in other contemporary ballads and tracts as resembling, both in his person and features, King Henry VIII.

Your rashness will your hopes deter,
 'tis we must give you peace.
 Black Charles a traitor is proclaim'd
 unto our dignity ;
 He dies (if e'er by us he's gain'd)
 without all remedy.

5.

King Charles in his Coffin.

Thrice perjur'd villain! didst not thou
 and thy degenerate train,
 By mankind's Saviour's body vow
 to me thy sovereign,
 To make me the most glorious king
 that e'er o'er England reign'd ;
 That me and mine in everything
 by you should be maintain'd ?

6.

The People in the Pit.

Sweet Prince ! O let us pardon crave
 of thy beloved shade,
 'Tis we that brought thee to the grave,
 thou wert by us betray'd.
 We did believe 'twas reformation
 these monsters did desire ;
 Not knowing that thy degradation
 and death should be our hire.

7.

Cromwell on the Throne.

Ye sick-brained fools! whose wit does lie
in your small guts; could you
Imagine our conspiracy
did claim no other due,
But for to spend our dearest bloods
to make rascallions flee?
No, we fought for your lives and goods,
and for a monarchy.

8.

King Charles in his Coffin.

But there's a Thunderer above,
who, tho' he winks awhile,
Is not with your black deeds in love —
he hates your damned guile.
And though a time you perch upon
the top of Fortune's wheel,
You shortly unto Acharon
(drunk with your crimes) shall reel.

9.

The People in the Pit.

Meanwhile (thou glory of the earth)
we languishing do die:
Excise doth give free-quarter birth
while soldiers multiply.

Our lives we forfeit every day,
our money cuts our throats ;
The laws are taken clean away
or shrunk to traitors' votes.

10.

Cromwell on the Throne.

Like patient mules resolve to bear
whate'er we shall impose ;
Your lives and goods you need not fear,
we'll prove your friends, not foes.
We (the *Elected* ones) must guide
a thousand years this land ;
You must be props unto our pride,
and slaves to our command.

11.

King Charles in his Coffin.

But you may fail of your fair hopes
if Fates propitious be,
And yield your loathed lives in ropes
to vengeance and to me.
When as the Swedes and Irish join,
the Cumbrian and the Scot
Do with the Danes and French combine,
then look unto your lot.

12.

The People in the Pit.

Our wrongs have arm'd us with such strength,
so sad is our condition,
That could we hope that now at length
we might find intermission,
And have but half we had before,
ere these mechanics swayed ;
To our revenge, knee-deep in gore,
we would not fear to wade.

13.

Cromwell on the Throne.

In vain (fond people) do you grutch
and tacitly repine.
For why ? my skill and strength are such —
both poles of heaven are mine.
Your hands and purses both coher'd
to raise us to this height :
You must protect those you have rear'd,
or sink beneath their weight.

14.

King Charles in his Coffin.

Singing with angels, near the throne
of the Almighty Three,
I sit, and know perdition
(base Cromwell) waits on thee,

And on thy vile associates :
twelve months shall full conclude
Your pow'r—thus speak the pow'rful Fates,
then vades your interlude.

15.

The People in the Pit.

Yea, powerful Fates, haste, haste the time,
the most auspicious day,
On which these monsters of our time
to hell must pass away.
Meanwhile, so pare their sharpened claws,
and so impair their stings,
We may no more fight for the Cause,
Or other *novel* things !



THE DOMINION OF THE SWORD.

A SONG MADE IN THE REBELLION.

[This admirable song was written probably in the interval between the murder of King Charles I. and the final triumph of the Independents over the Presbyterians and Royalists, 1649-50.]



AY by your pleading,
Law lies a-bleeding ;
Burn all your studies down, and throw away
your reading.

Small pow'r the word has,
And can afford us
Not half so much privilege as the sword does.

It fosters your masters,
It plaisters disasters,
It makes the servants quickly greater than their masters.

It venter, it enters,
It seeks and it centers,
It makes a 'prentice free in spite of his indentures.



It talks of small things,
But it sets up all things ;
This masters money, though money masters all things.

It is not season
To talk of reason,
Nor call it loyalty, when the sword will have it treason.

It conquers the crown, too,
The grave and the gown, too ;
First it sets up a Presbyter, and then it pulls him down
too.

This subtle disafter
Turns bonnet to beaver ;
Down goes a bishop, firs, and up starts a weaver.

This makes a layman
To preach and to pray, man ;
And makes a lord of him that was but a drayman.

Far from the Gulpit
Of Saxby's pulpit,
This brought an Hebrew ironmonger to the pulpit.

Such pitiful things be
More happy than kings be ;
They get the upper hand of Thimblebee and Slingsbee.

No gospel can guide it,
No law can decide it,
In Church or State, till the sword has sanctified it.

Down goes your law-tricks,
Far from the matricks,
Sprung up holy Hewson's power, and pull'd down St.
Patrick's.

This sword it prevails, too,
So highly in Wales, too,
Shenkin ap Powel swears "Cots-flutterer nails, too."

In Scotland this faster
Did make such difaster,
That they sent their money back for which they sold their
master.

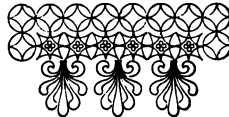
It batter'd their Gunkirk,
And so it did their Spain-kirk,
That he is fled, and swears the devil is in Dunkirk.

He that can tower,
Or he that is lower,
Would be judg'd a fool to put away his power.

Take books and rent 'um,
Who can invent 'um,
When that the sword replies, "*Negatur argumentum.*"

Your brave college-butlers
Must stoop to the futers ;
There's ne'er a library like to the cutler's.

The blood that was spilt, fir,
Hath gain'd all the gilt, fir,
Thus have you seen me run my sword up to the hilt, fir.



A SALT TEAR ;
OR, THE WEEPING ONION,
AT THE
LAMENTABLE FUNERAL OF DR. DORISLAUS.

[Isaac Dorislaus was a Dutchman, and doctor of civil law at Leyden, whence he came to England, and was appointed Professor of History at Cambridge. He next became Judge-Advocate in the King's army, but deserted Charles, and assisted in drawing up the charges against him. Whilst agent for the Commonwealth at the Hague, he was assassinated by twelve Scotch cavaliers, supposed to have been hired for that purpose by the Marquis of Montrose. The date of the ballad is the 18th June, 1649.]

I.



HAT though lamented—curf'd—and the high
tree
Of fifty cubits was just destiny
(Though a deplor'd one) of that agent

drew

The articles against the holy Jew,
Good Mordecai ; which by quaint, curious art
Should have contriv'd the Queen her share o' th' smart.
But Providence said, No ; and Hester taught
Proud Haman to a bloody banquet brought.
Our upstart Hamans had a feast : who'll bring
Them, for digestion's sake, to take a swing ?

2.

iflaus ! art lamented ? So was He
o was more *Dives* than the State made thee.
ou chance meet with him ; lift up thine eyes,
see where Charles in Abraham's bosom lies.
or a messenger the House to tell
all the merry Commoners, of Hell !
v Lenthall looks ! How Whitlock pales his face,
o caught one *seal*, and lost that seal of grace !
O how damn'd Bradshaw quivers as he comes !
And Fairfax groans ! and Cromwell bites his
thumbs !

3.

pt, no doubt, was laid in double black,
en that last wonder, and grand land-sea wrack
s pour'd on Pharaoh and his host ; when waves
eng'd the insolence of murderous slaves,
raoh must drown, so it doth Providence please.
have a Moses, too, is heir o' th' seas.
Heaven will a party in that element make :
Your KING-SALE projects do not always take.

4.

: wife of Sisera did no doubt bewail
a's fate ; yet the canoniz'd nail
l hammer of stout Jael, and the song
Deborah shew'd Heav'n smil'd, and went along.



A Kenite did the fact. It was no lot
 For perjur'd English, but a gallant Scot.
 'Tis a good omen : that as they pull'd down
 The *First*, they shall fet on the *Second's* crown.
 Let our deluded citizens invite,
 Hug, kiss, and lick the curfed Canaanite :
 What tho' their chariots be of iron ? we may
 See them lie grovelling like loft Sifera.

5.

Now pray observe the pomp, the persons, state,
 That did attend this alien reprobate :
 Here went Lieutenant-General *Crocodile*,
 And cubs, bred of the slime of our rich Nile :
 Who creep before they kill, and whose false tears
 Trickle from blood-shed eyes of murderers.
 Poor Island ! they have made a Nile of thee,
 We cannot find thy *head*, which fain we'd see.

6.

Next march a train of ravenous wolves, whose jaws
 Yet ooze with the blood of slaughter'd King and Laws :
 These are close mourners ; these the kingdoms gull :
 True wolves, that never howl till they are full.
 These are the beasts of prey, whose sharp fang tears
 Not *cavies* now, but the harmless *levellers* ;
 By whom they rose unto this greatness. We,
 We are distasted, well as Monarchy.

7.

Cloſe unto theſe, in grave deportment, march
The City changelings in *Thanksgiving* ſtarch,
A ſort of whelps, taught by that wolfiſh kind,
Who, if one howl'd, ſtraight the whole kennel whin'd.
Theſe, at the whip of cunning Oliver,
Do feaſt, or elſe drop a difſembling tear.
All theſe attend their *Agent's* funeral ;
This honour 's but a trap, the States' fly call
 To get another throat cut, but in vain,
 Doriſlaus cries from Hell
 'TWILL BE NO GAIN !



THE STATE'S NEW COIN.

[Shortly after the abrogation of the monarchy, the Parliament issued a new coinage. It consisted of pieces having on the obverse a shield with St. George's cross, encircled by a laurel and palm branch, surrounding the simple inscription "The Commonwealth of England." On the reverse was the equally simple legend "God with us," and two shields bearing the arms of England and Ireland. The shields being conjoined at top were at once declared to resemble the breeches of the Rump; a declaration which continued to be a standing joke with the Cavaliers during the times of the Commonwealth, and with others long after the restoration of the monarchy. The other absurdities so ingeniously fitted to this innocent coinage will be best understood by a perusal of the ballad itself.]



SAW you the State's money new come from
the Mint?

Some people do say it is wonderous fine;
And that you may read a great mystery in't,
Of mighty King Nol, the lord of the coin.

They have quite omitted his politic head,
His worshipful face, and his excellent nose;
But the better to show the life he had led,
They have fix'd upon it the print of his hose.



For, if they had set up his picture there,
They needs must ha' crown'd him in Charles' stead;
But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,
And rather would set up aught else than his head.

'Tis monstrous strange, and yet it is true,
In this Reformation we should have such luck,
That crosses were always disdain'd by you,
Who before pull'd them down, should now set them up.

On this side they have circumscrib'd *God with us*,
And in this stamp and coin they confide;
Common-Wealth on the other, by which we may guess,
That *God* and the *States* were not both of a side.

On this side they have crosses and harp,
And only a cross on the other set forth;
By which we may learn, it falls to our part
Two crosses to have for one fit of mirth!



UPON THE GENERAL PARDON PASS'D
BY THE RUMP.

[After his decisive victory at Worcester, Cromwell immediately resumed his Parliamentary duties, and, to further his ambitious views, forced from the reluctant "Rump" their assent to a resolution of amnesty so wide, that it almost struck at the root of the Commonwealth. They assented, Ludlow observes, "the Parliament being unwilling to deny Cromwell anything for which there was the least colour of reason." It was, in effect, resolved that all political offences committed before the battle of Worcester should be forgiven, with the exception of a few cases; a decision which, though it implied a gross injustice to those who had already been mulcted heavily, relieved the royalists from all apprehension of farther penalties.]



REJOICE, rejoice, ye Cavaliers,
For here comes that dispels your fears;
A General Pardon is now past,
What was long look'd for, comes at last.

It pardons all that are undone;
The Pope ne'er granted such a one:
So long, so large, so full, so free,
O what a glorious State have we!

Yet do not joy too much, my friends,
First see how well this pardon ends;
For though it hath a glorious face,
I fear there's in't but little grace.



'Tis said the mountains once brought forth,
And what brought they? a mouse, in troth;
Our States have done the like, I doubt,
In this their Pardon now set out.

We'll look it o'er, then, if you please,
And see wherein it brings us ease :
And first, it pardons words, I find,
Against our State — words are but wind.

Hath any pray'd for th' King of late,
And wish'd confusion to our State?
And call'd them rebels? He may come in
And plead this Pardon for that sin.

Has any call'd King Charles that's dead
A Martyr — he that lost his head?
And villains those that did the fact?
That man is pardon'd by this act.

Hath any said our Parliament
Is such a one as God ne'er sent?
Or hath he writ, and put in print,
That he believes the Devil's in't?

Or hath he said there never were
Such tyrants anywhere as here?
Though this offence of his be high,
He's pardon'd for his blasphemy.

You see how large this Pardon is,
It pardons all our *Mercuries* *,
And poets too, for you know they
Are poor, and have not aught to pay.

For where there's money to be got,
I find this Pardon pardons not ;
Malignants that were rich before,
Shall not be pardon'd till they're poor.

Hath any one been true to th' Crown,
And for that paid his money down,
By this new act he shall be free,
And pardon'd for his loyalty.

Who have their lands confiscate quite,
For not compounding when they might ;
If that they know not how to dig,
This Pardon gives them leave to beg.

Before this act came out in print,
We thought there had been comfort in't ;
We drank some healths to the higher pow'rs,
But now we've seen't they'd need drink ours.

For by this act it is thought fit
That no man shall have benefit,

* Alluding to the newspapers of the day, the whole of which were so named.

Unless he first engage to be
A rebel to eternity.

Thus, in this Pardon it is clear,
That nothing's here and nothing's there ;
I think our States do mean to choke us
With this new act of *Hocus Pocus*.

Well, since this act's not worth a pin,
We'll pray our States to call it in,
For most men think it ought to be
Burnt by the hand of Gregory.*

Then, to conclude, here's little joy
For those that pray *Vive le Roy!*
But since they'll not forget our crimes,
We'll keep our mirth till better times.

* The common hangman.



THE HOUSE OUT OF DOORS.

[Mr. Carlyle, in his *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, gives the following graphic description of the last scene in the Long Parliament (20th April, 1653): "‘You call yourselves a Parliament,’ continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration; ‘You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,’ and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; ‘some of you are ——,’ and he glares into Harry Martin, and the poor Sir Peter, who rose to order, lewd livers both; ‘living in open contempt of God’s commandments. . . . Corrupt, unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel: how can you be a Parliament for God’s people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!’ . . . History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, ‘lifting the sacred mace itself, said, ‘What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away,’ and gave it to a musketeer. And now, ‘Fetch him down!’ says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more like an ancient Roman than anything else, declares he will not come till forced; ‘Sir,’ said Harrison, ‘I will lend you a hand;’ on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior business and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved!’"]

I.



WILL you hear strange news ne'er heard of
 before,
 A ballad of news without any lies?
 The Parliament now is turn'd out of doors,
 And so is the Council of State likewise.

Brave Oliver came into the House like a spright,
 His fiery looks made the Speaker* dumb;
 You must be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,
 D' you mean to sit here till Doomsday come.

2.

At this the Speaker look'd pale with fear,
 And if he had been with the nightmare rid,
 Inomuch that some did think that were there
 He did e'en as much as the Alderman did;
 For Oliver, though he were Doctor of Law,
 He chose to play the Physician here;
 His phyfic so wrought in the Speaker's maw,
 That he gave him a *stool* instead of a *chair*.

3.

Brave Arthur† thought Oliver wondrous bold,
 (I mean the knight that was one of the *five*)
 He was very unwilling to lose his freehold ‡,
 But needs he must go whom the Devil doth drive;

* Lenthall.

† Haslerigg, who was one of the five obnoxious members personally demanded by the King, January 4, 1642.

‡ A petition was presented, 23rd Dec. 1651, to the Long Parliament by one Josiah Prymato, leather-seller of London, who therein not only charged Sir Arthur Haslerigg with fraudulently procuring the sequestration of the petitioner's collieries in Durham, which were worth 5000*l.* per annum, but also taxed four of the Compounding Commissioners "with not daring to oppose the will and pleasure of the said Sir Arthur." The House dismissed the petition "as false,

And gone he is into the north country,
 Hoping therein to make some stir—
 Yet, in the meantime, take it from me,
 Brave Arthur must yield to brave Oliver.

4.

Harry Martin wonder'd to see such a thing
 Done by a faint of so high a degree,
 An act which he did not expect from a king,
 Much less from such a *Dry-bone* as he.
 Brave Oliver, laying his hand on his sword,
 Upbraided him with his adultery;
 Then Martin gave not so much as a word,
 But humbly thanked his Majesty.

5.

Much wit he had shew'd if that he had dar'd,
 But silent he was for fear of some knocks,
 Thought he, if I catch you within my ward,
 I may chance send you home with a ——.
 Next Allen *, the Coppermith, was in great fear,
 He did us much harm since the war began :
 A broken citizen for many a year,
 And now he's a broken Parliament man !

malicious, and scandalous ;” and fined the petitioner 3000*l.* to the Commonwealth, 2000*l.* to Sir Arthur, and 500*l.* to each of the four Commissioners for his impertinence !

* The goldsmith, whom Cromwell openly taxed with “cheating the public.”

6.

Brave Oliver told him what he had been,
And him a cheating knave did call ;
Which put him into a fit of the spleen,
But now he must give an account for all.
It went to the heart of Sir Harry Vane
To think what a terrible fall he should have ;
For he that did late in the Parliament reign,
Was call'd (as I heard) *a dissembling knave*.

7.

Who gave him that name you may easily know,
'Twas one that had learn'd that art full well ;
You may swear it was true if he call'd him so,
For what's to dissemble I'm sure he can't tell.
President Bradshaw, as proud as a Pope,
That loves upon kings and princes to trample,
Now the House is dissolv'd I cannot but hope
To see such a Parliament made an example.

8.

'Then room for the Speaker, without his mace,
And room for the rest of the rabble-rout ;
My masters, methinks 'tis a pitiful case,
Like the snuff of a candle thus to go out !
'Tis wondrous strange you should not agree,
You that have been such brethren in evil ;
A dissolution there needs must be,
When the Devil's divided against the Devil !

9.

Some think that Cromwell with Charles is agreed,
And 'twere good policy if it were so ;
Left the Hollander, French, the Dane, and the Swede,
Bring him whether we will or no.
And now I would gladly conclude my song
With a prayer, as ballads were wont to do ;
But yet I'll forbear, for I think ere long,
We *shall* have a King and a Parliament too.



THE PARLIAMENT ROUTED;

OR, HERE'S A HOUSE TO BE LET.*

I HOPE THAT ENGLAND, AFTER MANY JARS,
SHALL BE AT PEACE, AND GIVE NO WAY TO WARS :
O LORD, PROTECT THE GENERAL, THAT HE
MAY BE THE AGENT OF OUR UNITY.

To the tune of "Lucina, or, Merrily and Cherrily."



HEER up, kind countrymen, be not difmay'd,
true news I can tell ye concerning the
nation,
That spirits are quench'd, the tempest is
lay'd,
(and now we may hope for a good re-
formation).

The Parliament bold and the Council of State
do with them beyond sea, or else at Virginie ;
For now all their orders are quite out of date,
twelve Parliament men shall be sold for a penny.

* Vide introductory note to the preceding ballad.

Full twelve years and more these rooks they have fat,
to gull and to cozen all true-hearted people ;
Our gold and our silver have made them so fat,
that they look'd more big and mighty than Paul's steeple:
The freedom of subject they much did pretend,
but since they bare sway we never had any ;
For every member promoted self-end ;
twelve Parliament men are now sold for a penny.

Their acts and their orders, which they have contriv'd,
was still in conclusion to multiply riches ;
The Commonwealth sweetly by these men have thriv'd,
as Lancashire did with the jennets of witches *:
Oh ! our freedom was chain'd to the Egyptian yoke,
as it hath been felt and endured by many,
Still making religion their author and cloke ;
twelve Parliament men shall be sold for a penny.

Both city and country are almost undone
by these caterpillars, which swarm'd in the nation ;
Their imps and their goblins did up and down run,
Excise-men I mean, all knaves of a fashion :
For all the great treasure that daily came in,
the soldier wants pay, 'tis well known by a many ;

* The people of this county were proverbially superstitious.

To cheat and to cozen they held it no sin ;
twelve Parliament men shall be fold for a penny.

The land and the livings which these men have had,
'twould make one admire what use they've made of it ;
With plate and with jewels they have been well clad ;
the soldier fared hard, whilst they got the profit :
Our gold and our silver to Holland they sent,
but being found out, this is known by a many,
That no one would own it for fear of a shent,
twelve Parliament men are fold for a penny.

'Tis judged by most people that they were the cause
of England and Holland their warring together *,
Both friends and dear lovers to break civil laws,
and in cruel manner to kill one another :
What cared they how many did lose their dear lives,
so they by the bargain did get people's money,
Sitting secure, like bees in their hives ?
twelve Parliament men are now fold for a penny.

* An allusion to the Dutch war of 1651-52.



THE SECOND PART.

To the same tune.

They voted, unvoted, as fancy did guide,
to pass away time, but increasing their treasure ;
(When Jack is on cock-horse he'll galloping ride,
but falling at last he'll repent it at leisure).
The widow, the fatherless, gentry and poor,
the tradesman and citizen, with a great many,
Have suffer'd full dearly to heap up their store ;
but twelve Parliament men shall be sold for a penny.

These burthens and grievances England hath felt,
so long and so heavy, our hearts are e'en broken,
Our plate, gold and silver, to themselves they have dealt,
(all this is true, in good time be it spoken).
For a man to rise high, and at last to fall low,
it is a discredit : this lot falls to many,
But 'tis no great matter these men to serve so ;
twelve Parliament men are now sold for a penny.

The General* perceiving their lustful desire
to covet more treasure, being puff'd with ambition,
By their acts and their orders to set all on fire,
pretending religion to rout superstition :

* Cromwell.

He bravely commanded the foldiers to go,
in the Parliament Houfe, in defiance of any;
To which they confented, and now you do know
that twelve Parliament men may be fold for a penny.

The foldiers, undaunted, laid hold on the mace,
and out of the chair they removed the Speaker;
The great ones were then in a pitiful cafe,
and Taffy* cried out, All her cold muft forfake her!
Thus they were routed, pluckt out by the ears,
the Houfe was foon empty, and rid of a many
Ufurpers, that fat there this thirteen long years;
twelve Parliament men may be fold for a penny.

To the Tower of London away they were fent,
as they have fent others by them captivated;
O what will become of this old Parliament,
and all their compeers, that were royally ftated?
What they have deferv'd I wifh they may have,
and 'tis the defire I know of a many;
For us to have freedom, O that will be brave!
but twelve Parliament men may be fold for a penny.

Let's pray for the General and all his brave train,
he may be an instrument for England's bleffing,

* It was a common practice to hold up the Welch to derifion in the time of the Commonwealth, becaufe they failed to make fo ftout a refiftance to Cromwell and his Ironfides as was expected of them.

Appointed in heaven to free us again,
for this is the way of our burdens redressing :
For England to be in glory once more,
it would satisfy, I know, a great many ;
But ending, I say, as I said before,
twelve Parliament men are now sold for a penny.



THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSE-HOLD STUFF.

[This humorous, and at one time most popular song, also relates the violent dismissal of the Rump, 20th April, 1653.]



REBELLION hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell,
Come hither and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well :
Will you buy the old Speaker's chair ?
Which was warm and easy to sit in,
And oft has been clean'd I declare,
Whereas it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the King,
Says old Simon the King,
With his ale-dropt hose, and his malmsey nose,
Sing, hey ding, ding-a-ding, ding.

Will you buy any bacon flitches,
The fattest that ever were spent ?
They're the sides of the old committees,
Fed up in the Long Parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um,

They are made of the Presbyter's lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To some blacksmith for his forge ;
But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the Church :
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeak higher
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t'other is round ;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the Rump fell down to the ground.
Will you buy the State's Council-table,
Which was made of the good wain-Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold th' Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the becom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor ;
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good store.



Will you buy the State's spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the roper's trade ?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a glyster-pipe well tried,
Which was made of a butcher's stump,
And has been safely applied
To cure the colds of the Rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrim's-falve,
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did serve,
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the State's tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it ;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it :
'Tis th' Engagement and Covenant cook't
Up with the Abjuration oath ;
And many of them, that have took 't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,

Whene'er 't has an itch to fwerve
 To Rebellion by innovation.
 A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
 The like was scarce ever gotten,
 For many plots it has found out
 Before they ever were thought on.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the Rump's great faddle,
 With which it jockey'd the nation?
 And here is the bit and the bridle,
 And curb of Diffimulation:
 And here's the trunk-hose of the Rump,
 And their fair dissembling cloak;
 And a Presbyterian jump,
 With an Independent smock.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
 Which served the high-court of Justice,
 And stretch'd until England it mourn'd —
 But Hell will buy that if the worst is.
 Here's Joan* Cromwell's kitchen-stuff tub,
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,

* This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, who taxed her with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household. In a little work (12mo. Lond. 1664) described by Baker as "*Liber rarus, et præterea nihil*,"

With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
 When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the purse of the public faith ;
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,
 When the old wives upon their good troth
 Lent thimbles to ruin the nation.
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
 And here are Lambert's Commissions,
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip,
 Cramm'd with tumultuous Petitions.
 Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
 And here are his dray and his flings ;

d entitled *The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late Usurper, truly described and represented*, there is a portrait of this lady, with a monkey making mouths at her, and these lines appended :—

“ From feigned glory and usurped throne,
 And all the greatness to me falsely shown,
 And from the arts of government set free,
 See how Protectress and a Drudge agree.”

The most ardent Royalist could prefer no weightier charge against her than an exclusive devotion to the domestic concerns of her family.

Here are Hewfon's awl and his bristles* ;
With diverse other odd things :
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye ?
I'll fell them all for an old fong,
And fo I do end my ftory.
Says old Simon, &c.

* Col. Hewfon, before the breaking out of the Rebellion, had been a cobbler.



A CHRISTMAS SONG,

WHEN THE RUMP WAS FIRST DISSOLVED.

[The dissolution of the Rump, which for so many years, by sanctified pretences, had oppressed in turn all parties in the State, was hailed, more particularly by the lower orders, with exuberant delight. They saw in the downfall of their late hypocritical masters a speedy restoration of that comparative freedom which they had enjoyed prior to the first meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640. In the plenitude of their power nothing was too insignificant for the consideration or interference of that extraordinary assembly. Amongst other acts, they not only abolished the festival of Christmas, but even interdicted the eating of the customary pies, — such dainties being regarded as “profane viands” by the sanctimonious Puritans.]

To the tune of “I tell thee, Dick.”



HIS Christmas time, 'tis fit that we
Should feast, and sing, and merry be,
It is a time of mirth;
For never since the world began
More joyful news was brought to man,
Than at our Saviour's birth.

But such have been these times of late,
That holidays are out of date*,

* All holidays were abolished by the Puritans, and recreation on the sabbath strictly prohibited, so that, in fact, no time was left for relaxation of any kind. See note, p. 54.

And holiness to boot ;
For they that do despise and scorn
To keep the day that Christ was born,
Want holiness no doubt.

That Parliament that took away
The observation of that day *,
We know it was not free ;
For if it had, such acts as those
Had ne'er been seen in verse or prose,
You may conclude with me.

'Twas that Assembly did maintain
'Twas law to kill their Sovereign,
Who by that law must die ;
Though God's anointed ones are such,
Which subjects should not dare to touch,
Much less to crucify.

'Twas that which turn'd our Bishops out
Of house and home, both branch and root,
And gave no reason why,
And all our clergy did expel,
That would not do like that rebel —
This no man can deny.

* On the 3rd June, 1647, it was ordained by Lords and Commons in Parliament that the Feast of the Nativity of Christ should no longer be observed.

It was that Parliament that took
Out of our churches our *Service-book* *,
A book without compare ;
And made God's House (to all our griefs),
That House of Prayer, a den of thieves,
Both here and everywhere.

They had no head for many years
Nor heart (I mean the House of Peers),
And yet it did not die ;
Of these long since it was bereft,
And nothing but the tail was left,
You know as well as I.

And in this tail there was a tongue,
Lenthal† I mean, whose fame hath rung
In country and in city ;
Not for his worth or eloquence,
But for a rebel to his prince,
And neither wise nor witty.

This Speaker's words must needs be wind,
Since they proceeded from behind ;
Besides, you may remember,

* The *Book of Common Prayer*, which was suppressed by an ordinance of Parliament, 4th Jan. 1645.

† William Lenthal was chosen Speaker of the Commons in 1640, and occupied the chair when Cromwell, in 1653, forcibly dissolved the Parliament.

From thence no act could be discreet,
Nor could the sense o' the House be sweet,
Where Atkins was a member.

This tale's now done, the Speaker's dumb,
Thanks to the trumpet and the drum ;
And now I hope to see
A Parliament that will restore
All things that were undone before,
That we may Christians be.



A JOLT ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

[“The Protector (says Echard) having assumed the whole power of the nation to himself, and sent ambassadors and agents to all foreign States, was again courted by them, and presented with rarities and curiosities of several countries; among the rest the Duke of Holstein made him a present of a noble set of grey Friezeland coach-horses, with which, taking the air in Hyde Park, attended only by his secretary, Thurloe, and his guard of Janizaries, he thought fit to mount the box and take the place of his coachman, as if he believed the three pair of horses would prove as tame as the three nations now ridden by him; and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed and drove them on with his usual fury, but they, unacquainted with such a rough manager, ran away at full speed, and never stopt till they had violently thrown him off the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself. This became the subject of mirth and ridicule among several, and of severe lampoons among others, and occasioned some boldly to say, ‘that this ought to have instructed him how dangerous it was to intermeddle with those things in which he had no experience.’”]

*To the tune of
“To himself that hath fool’d
More than Mahomet could.”*



T fell on a day
When good people say
St. Michael beat the dragon,
My Lord the Protector
Did drive, like a Hector,
A coach instead of a wagon.

Because he did hear
The charioteer
Did antiently wear a crown,
Up went the horse-heels,
Round, round went the wheels,
Till his Highness came head-long down.

He rein'd them so hard,
They look'd back and were scar'd,
To see him so red and so grim ;
Away then they fled,
And tho' he us'd to lead,
This new-modell'd horse would lead him.

But O, how they snuff
When his pistol went off,
For which all the Saints suspect him :
Doth Providence attend him,
Thirty thousand defend him,
Yet a poor pocket-pistol protect him ?

How many a hurl
Had poor Mr. *Thurl-*
-Lo ! he in the coach did prance it ;
He thought he had fate
Chief Secretary of State,
But was soft like a dog in a blanket.

Nay, had they run faster,
He'd follow his matter
Through all the scenes of this mad-show :
A brewer, a colonel,
A preacher, a general,
A Protector, a King—then comes Bradshaw.

They slander my lord,
With a bug-bear word
That he like Phaëton did drive ;
But his highness tried
Six horses to guide,
And Phaëton had but *five*.

Mad Phaëton hurl'd
Fire all o'er the world,
Then dead in a river was found ;
But my lord had no aim
To set all in a flame,
And never was born to be drown'd.

'Twas Nero did strive
Such chariots to drive,
And publicly show'd his work ;
But when my lord sticks
Up his bills to show tricks,
He'll undo t'other dancing Turk.

But if you look high,
There's some reason why
These jades did so fling and skip ;
For tho' we afford
Him the " power o' the sword,"
He had no command of the whip.

Enthron'd in his chair,
(Pray what brought him there?)
He took such Protector's courses ;
He seem'd horse and mule,
But 'tis easier to rule
Three kingdoms than fix horses.

Not a day nor an hour
But we felt his power,
And now he would show us his art ;
His first reproach
Is a fall from a coach,
And his last will be from a cart !



A FREE PARLIAMENT LITANY.

The following passage from Mr. Foster's *Life of Cromwell* is a fair commentary upon this Ballad :—" After the gallantest for liberty that had ever been fought by any nation in the world, she [England] found herself trampled under foot by a military despot. All the vices of old kingly rule were nothing to what was imposed upon her. Some restraint had still been kept on the excesses of her preceding sovereigns ; now she found herself helpless, her faith in all that she once held noblest broken, and her spirits unequal to any further struggle. * * * * The true cause of the death of Charles I. was his resistance to the sacred principle of popular representation. He laid down his head upon the scaffold because he broke violently and in succession three English constitutions. Oliver Cromwell had now merited far more richly the self-same doom ; for he had committed, in circumstances of aggravated atrocity, the self-same sin. But Charles was weak, and Cromwell strong ; and the people had undergone that worst and most painful recoil from a virtuous and quick-spirited enthusiasm, to the sinking sense of failure, depression, and indifference."]

To the tune of "An Old Soldier of the Queen's."



MORE Ballads ! — here's a spick and span new
Supplication,
By order of a Committee for the Reforma-
tion

to be read in all churches and chapels of this nation,
in pain of slavery and sequestration.

From Fools and Knaves, in our Parliament free,
Libera nos Domine.

From those that ha' more Religion and less conscience than
 their fellows ;
 From a Representative that's fearful and zealous ;
 From a starting jadisf people that is troubled with the
 yellows,
 And a priest that blows the coal (a crack in his bellows).
 From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From shepherds that lead their flocks into the briars,
 And then fleece 'em — From Vow-breakers and King-
 tryers ;
 — Of Church and Crown lands, from both fellers and
 buyers ;
 From the children of him that's the Father of Liars.
 From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From the Doctrine and Discipline of *Now and anon* :
 Preserve us and our wives from John T and Saint John,
 Like Master like Man, every way but one :
 The Master has a large conscience, and the Man has
 none.
 From Fools and Knaves, &c.

* William Sedgwick, a fanatical preacher, who, for having ventured to foretell the day of judgment, which he survived, was ever afterwards called *Doomsday Sedgwick*.

From Major-Generals, Army-officers, and that phanatique
crew ;

From the parboil'd pimp Scot, and from Goodface, the
Jew ;

From old Mildmay*, that in Cheapside mistook his queu ; <sup>Rept
a cli
wife.</sup>
And from him that wont pledge — give the Devil his due.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From long-winded speeches, and not a wise word ;
From a Gospel ministry settled by th' sword ;
From the act of a Rump, that stinks when 'tis stirr'd ;
From a Knight of the Post, and a cobbling lord.†

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From all the rich people that ha' made us poor ;
From a Speaker‡ that creeps to the House by a back-
door ;
From that badger, Robinson§ (that limps and bites fore) ;
And that dog in a doublet, Arthur || — that will do so no
more.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From a certain fly Knave with a beastly name ;
From a Parl'ment that's wild, and a people that's tame ;

* Sir Henry Mildmay, Bart., M.P. for Malden.

† Col. Hewson, one of Cromwell's lords, but originally a cobbler.

‡ Lenthal.

§ Luke Robinson, who was an active member of the House, and subsequently employed as parliamentary agent to negotiate terms with Monk.

|| Sir Arthur Haslerigg.

From Skippon *, Titchbourne †, Ireton ‡,—and another
of the same ;

From a dung-hill cock, and a Hen of the game.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From all those that sat in the High Court of Justice ;
From Usurpers that style themselves the People's trustees ;
From an old Rump, in which neither profit nor guile is ;
And from the recovery of that which now in the dust is.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From a backsliding Saint that pretends to acquiesce ;
From crossing of proverbs (let 'um hang that confesse) ;
From a sniveling cause, in a pontifical dress ;

Jacks both. And two Lawyers, with the Devil and his dam in a
mess.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From those that trouble the waters, to mend the fishing,
And fight the Lord's battles under the Devil's commission ;

* Major-General Skippon, "the pious," a Privy Councillor in 1653 ; and, in 1655, one of Cromwell's military satraps appointed to command one of the eleven districts into which England was divided in that year.

† Alderman Sir Robt. Titchbourne, a commissioner for the Sale of State Lands, and a member of the Committee for Regulating the Customs—offices by which he made a large fortune.

‡ Alderman Ireton, brother to the General of that name, and a member of the Customs' Committee.

Such as eat up the Nation, whilst the Government's a-
dishing :

And from a people when it should be doing, stands with-
ing.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From an Everlasting mock-Parliament—and from *none* ;
From Strafford's old friends — Harry, Jack, and John ;
From our Solicitor's wolf-law deliver our King's son ;
And from the Refurrection of the Rump that is dead and
gone.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From foreign invasion and commotions at home ;
From our present distraction, and from work to come ;
From the same hand again, Smectymnus* or the Bum,
And from taking Geneva in our way to Rome.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

* The title given to a club of five divines, the initials of whose
names formed this otherwise senseless word, namely, Stephen Mar-
hall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and
William Spurstow. They were authors of a once-popular book
against Episcopacy and the Liturgy. Cleveland thus alludes to
them :

“ *Smectymnus* ! The Goblin makes me start ;
I' th' name of Rabbi Abraham, what art ?
Syriac ? or Arabic ? or Welsh ? What skil't ?
Ape all the bricklayers that Babel built.
Some conjurer translate, and let me know it—
Till then 'tis fit for a West Saxon poet.

From a hundred thousand pound tax, to keep knaves by
the score ;

(But it is well giv'n to these that turn'd those out of
door) ;

From undoing ourselves in plaistering old fores ;
He that set them a-work, let him pay their scores.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From Saints and tender Consciences in Buff ;
From Mounson in a foam, and Haslerig in a huff ;
From both Men and Women that think they never have
enough ;

And from a fool's head that looks thro' a chain and a
duff.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From those that would divide the Gen'ral and the City ;
From Harry Martin's girl, that was neither sweet nor
pretty ;

From a Faction that has neither brain nor pity ;
From the Mercy of a phanatique Committee.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

But do the brotherhood, then, play their prizes,
Like mummers in religion, with disguises?
Out-brave us with a name in rank and file—
A name, which, if 'twere train'd would spread a mile ?
The saints' monopoly, the zealous cluster,
Which like a porcupine presents a muster,
And shoots his quills at Bishops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young Maccabees."

Preserve us, good Heaven, from entrusting those
That ha' much to get, and little to lose ;
That murder'd the Father, and the Son would depose ;
(Sure they can't be our friends that are their Country's
foes).

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

From Bradshaw's presumption, and from Hoyle's* despairs,
From rotten members, blind guides, preaching aldermen,
and false may'rs ;
From long knives, long ears, long Parliaments, and long
pray'rs ;
In mercy to this Nation — Deliver us and our heirs.
From Fools and Knaves, &c.
Libera nos Domine.

* Alderman Hoyle, M.P., who committed suicide.



THE PROTECTING BREWER.

[It was commonly believed that the Protector had followed the occupation of a brewer in early life, and was, therefore, frequently satirised under that designation; but Heath, who was one of his bitterest enemies, and lost no opportunity of reviling him for the meanness of his origin, his irregularities in youth, and his political conduct towards the close of his life, positively asserts the contrary in his *Flagellum*. Before the commencement of the Civil Wars, Cromwell had been a farmer and makter at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire; hence, probably, the vulgar opinion. *The Protecting Brewer* is an admirable epitome of his public life.]



BREWER may be a Burgefs grave,
And carry the matter fo fine and fo brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
Which nobody can deny.

A Brewer may put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with fuch a grace,
That he may get a Captain's place,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may fpeak fo wondrous well,
That he may rife (ftrange things to tell)
And fo be made a Colonel,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,
And rife his fortunes, so that he
Lieutenant-General may be,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
That he may be a Lord General,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may be like a fox in a Cub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer, by 's Excise and Rate,
Will promise his Army he knows what,
And set upon the College-gate,
Which nobody, &c.

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray why may not a Brewer be
Lord Chancellor o' the Univerfity?
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When as he had drank his cup o' nectar;
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which nobody, &c.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor did bring
To be an Emperor or a King,
Which nobody, &c.

A Brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to sell
His soul unto the Devil in Hell,
Which nobody, &c.



A BALLAD.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

This farcaſtic ballad, by the author of *Hudibras*, was ſuggeſted
 he Parliament of 1657, at the inſtigati- on of Alderman Sir
 ſtopher Pack, M.P. for London, tendering the crown to
 er.]



As cloſe as a gooſe
 Sat the Parliament-houſe,
 To hatch the royal gull;
 After much fiddle-faddle,
 The egg proved addle,
 And Oliver came forth *Noll*.

Yet old Queen Madge*,
 Tho' things do not fadge,
 Will ſerve to be Queen of a May-pole;
 Two Princes of Wales †,
 For Whitsun-ales,
 And her grace, Maid Marion Clay-pole.*

Cromwell's wife and daughter.
 Richard and Henry Cromwell, ſons of the Protector.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yeasty Pride*,
 With his dagger and his sling ;
He was the pertinent peer
Of all that were there,
 T' advise with such a King.

A great Philosopher †
Had a goose for his lover,
 That follow'd him day and night :
If it be a true story,
Or but an allegory,
 It may be both ways right.

Strickland ‡ and his son,
Both cast into one,
 Were meant for a single Baron ;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
 Enough in them both to serve for one!

* The "purging Colonel," and one of Cromwell's "Lords," who was originally a drayman.

† Butler has here confounded Amphilocus (of whom Pliny and others relate that a goose fell in love with him) with the son of Amphiaraus and Eriphyle.

‡ Walter Strickland, M.P. for Minehead, Cornwall, and some time Ambassador to the Hague. He was likewise one of the peers created by Cromwell, as well as a member of his Privy Council.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood * ;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a *pair-royal*.†

Colonel Sir Thomas Honeywood, "a knight of the old
s," a committee-man in the time of the Long Parliament, and
of the peers created by Cromwell.

The wit of this lies in the ambiguity of the term *pair-royal*,
h is applicable to three knaves at the game of Brag, and, at the
time, signifies a *peer* or *baron* in French.



A NEW BALLAD TO AN OLD TUNE.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

[This very characteristic ballad exhibits the anarchy which followed the deposition of Richard Cromwell, when there appeared no better hope for the nation than a military despotism even worse than that of his father.]



MAKE room for an honest Red-coat
(And that you'll say 's a wonder).

The gun and the blade
Are the tools,—and his trade

Is for *pay*, to *kill*, and *plunder*.

Then away with the laws,

And the "Good-old-Cause."*

Ne'er talk o' the Rump, or the Charter ;

'Tis the cash does the feat,

All the rest's but a cheat,

Without *that* there's no Faith nor Quarter.

'Tis the mark of our coin GOD WITH US †,

And the grace of the Lord goes along with 't :

When the *Georges* are flown,

Then the Cause goes down,

For the Lord has departed from it.

Then away with, &c.

* The political cry, or by-word, of the Puritans, comprehending "religion and the laws."

† See "The State's New Coin," p. 94.

For Rome, or for Geneva,
For the Table or the Altar,
This spawn of a vote,
He cares not a groat —
For the *pence* he's your dog in a halter.
Then away, &c.

Tho' the name of King or Bishop
To nostrils pure may be loathsome ;
Yet many there are,
That agree with the May'r,
That their lands are wondrous toothsome.
Then away, &c.

When our masters are poor, we leave 'em,
'Tis the Golden Calf we bow to,
We kill and we slay,
Not for conscience, but pay ;
Give us *that* we'll fight for you, too.
Then away, &c.

'Twas *that* first turn'd the King out ;
The Lords next ; then the Commons :
'Twas that kept up Noll,
Till the Devil fetch'd his soul ;
And then it set the *Rump* on 's.*
Then away, &c.

* The Rump was restored the 6th May, 1659, turned out again the 13th Oct., and once more restored the 26th Dec. Of these

Drunken Dick was a lame Protector,
 And Fleetwood * a back-sliding :
 These we serv'd as the rest,
 But the City's the beast,
 That will never cast her rider.

Then away, &c.

When the Mayor holds the stirrup,
 And the Shrieves cry, God save your honors,

frequent resuscitations of the Long Parliament, just previous to the Restoration of Charles II., Butler says :

“ The learned rabbins of the Jews
 Write there's a bone, which they call *lux*,
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
 No force in nature can do hurt to ;
 And therefore, at the last great day,
 All th' other members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a seed
 All sorts of vegetals proceed :
 From whence the learned sons of art,
O sacrum, justly style that part.
 Then what can better represent,
 Than this rump-bone, the Parliament ;
 That, after several rude ejections,
 And as prodigious resurrections,
 With new reverfions of nine lives,
 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives ! ”

Hudibras, part iii. c. ii. 1615-1630.

* Fleetwood had been appointed by the officers of the army their general ; but shortly afterwards, upon the invitation of the Parliament, he accepted a seat in the New Council of State, which was formed in opposition to the Military Council of Twenty-three.

Then 'tis but a jump,
And up goes the Rump,
That will spur to the Devil upon us.
Then away, &c.

And now for fling at your Thimbles,
Your Bodkins, Rings, and Whistles * ;
In truck for your toys,
We'll fit you with boys
('Tis the doctrine of Hugh's† *Epistles*).
Then away, &c.

When your Plate is gone, and your Jewels,
You must be next entreated,
To part with your bags,
And to strip you to rags,
And yet not think you're cheated.
Then away, &c.

The truth is, the Town deserves it,
'Tis a *brainless, heartless monster* ;
At a club they may bawl,
Or declare at their Hall,
And yet at a push not one stir.
Then away, &c.

* See note, p. 47.

† Hugh Peters, the celebrated Puritan divine.

Sir Arthur * vow'd he'll treat 'em,
 Far worfe than the men of Chester † ;
 He's *bold* now they're cow'd,
 But he was nothing fo loud,
 When he lay in the ditch at Lefter. ‡
 Then away, &c.

The Lord has left John Lambert §,
 And the Spirit, Feak's || anointed ;
 But why, O Lord,
 Haft Thou fheath'd thy fword ?
 Lo ! thy faints are difappointed.
 Then away, &c.

Tho' Sir Henry be departed,
 Sir John makes good the place now,
 And to help out the work
 Of the glorious Kirk,
 Our brethren march apace too. ¶
 Then away, &c.

* Sir Arthur Haflerigg.

† Alluding to the garrison of Chefter, which, when that city was befieged by the Parliamentarians, in Feb. 1645-6, was constrained to feed on horfes, dogs, cats, &c.

‡ Alluding to the fuccesful affault upon Leicefter by Charles I., on 30th May, 1645.

§ Alluding to the defection of the troops under his command whilst he was ftationed at Newcastle.

|| Feakes was a violent anabaptift preacher at Blackfriars, who had fuffered incarceration in the Tower for his repeated attacks upon Cromwell.

¶ Alluding to Monk's progreff towards London to settle the difputes between the Parliament and army.

Whilst Divines and Statesmen wrangle,
Let the Rump-ridden Nation bite on 't;
There are none but we
That are sure to go free,
For the foldier's still in the right on 't.
Then away, &c.

If our Masters won't supply us
With money, food, and clothing,
Let the State look to 't,
We'll find one that will do 't,
Let him live—we will not damn.
Then away with the laws,
And the good old Cause,
Ne'er talk o' the Rump, or the Charter;
'Tis the cash does the feat,
All the rest's but a cheat,
Without *that* there's no *faith* nor *Quarter*.



WIN AT FIRST AND LOSE AT LAST;

OR, A NEW GAME AT CARDS.

To the tune of "Ye Gallants that delight to play."

[This humorous piece, in which the events of the time are narrated in a supposed game of cards, closes the satiric chronicle of the Commonwealth. It is one of the very few ballads, written against the Rump Parliament between the years 1639 and 1661, that is entirely free from licentiousness, virulence, and falsehood.]



E merry hearts that love to play
 At Cards, see who hath won the day;
 You that once did sadly sing
 The Knave of Clubs hath won the King;
 Now more happy times we have,
 The King hath overcome the Knave,
 The King hath overcome the Knave.

Not long ago a game was play'd,
 When three Crowns at the stakes were laid;
 England had no cause to boast,
 Knaves won that which Kings had lost:
 Coaches gave the way to carts,
 And Clubs were better cards than Hearts,
 And Clubs were better cards than Hearts.

Old Noll was the Knave o' Clubs,
And Dad of such as preach in tubs,
Bradshaw, Ireton, and Pride,
Were three other Knaves beside ;
And they play'd with half the pack,
 Throwing out all cards but Black,
 Throwing out all cards but Black.

But the just Fates threw these four out,
Which made the loyal party shout ;
The Pope would fain have had the stock,
And with these cards have whipt his dock ;
But soon the Devil these cards snatches,
 To dip in brimstone, and make matches,
 To dip in brimstone, and make matches.

But still the sport for to maintain,
Bold Lambert, Haslerigg, and Vane,
With one-eyed Hewson, took their places,
Knives were better cards than Aces ;
But Fleetwood he himself did save,
 Because he was more fool than Knave,
 Because he was more fool than Knave.

Cromwell, tho' he so much had won,
Yet he had an unlucky son ;

He sits still, and not regards,
Whilst cunning gamesters set the Cards ;
And thus, alas, poor silly Dick,
 He play'd awhile and lost his trick,
 He play'd awhile and lost his trick.

The Rumpers that had won whole Towns,
The spoils of martyrs and of Crowns,
Were not contented, but grew rough,
As though they had not won enough ;
They kept the cards still in their hands,
 To play for Tithes and College lands,
 To play for Tithes and College lands.

The Presbyters began to fret,
That they were like to lose the sett ;
Unto the Rump* they did appeal,
And said it was their turn to deal ;
Then dealt the Presbyterians, but
 The Army swore that they would cut,
 The Army swore that they would cut.

* The origin of this celebrated term is thus given in the preface to *The Rump*; or, *Collection of Songs and Ballads made upon those who would be a Parliament, and were but the Rump of our House of Commons, five times dissolved* (12mo. Lond. 1660.):—"Now if you ask who named it Rump, know 'twas so stiled in an honest sheet of paper (call'd the Bloudy Rump) written before the Triall of our late Sovereign of Glorious Memorie: But the Word obtain'd not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major-General Browne at a Public Assembly in the days of Richard Cromwell."

The Foreign Lands began to wonder,
 To see what gallants we liv'd under,
 That they, which Christians did forfwear,
 Should follow gaming all the year—
 Nay more, which was the strangest thing,
 To play so long without a King,
 To play so long without a King!

The bold Phanatics present were,
 Like butlers with their boxes there ;
 Not doubting but that every game
 Some profit would redound to them ;
 Because they were the gamesters' minions,
 And ev'ry day broach'd new opinions,
 And ev'ry day broach'd new opinions.

But Cheshire men (as stories say)
 Began to shew them gamesters' play ;
 Brave Booth*, and all his army, strives
 To save the stakes, or lose their lives ;
 But, O sad fate ! they were undone,
 By playing of their Cards too soon,
 By playing of their Cards too soon.

* Sir George Booth, who, in the month of July, 1659, surpris'd
 Chester, but was shortly afterwards defeated and captured by Lam-
 bert, who also recovered the city.

Thus all the while a Club was trump,
There's none could ever beat the Rump ;
Until a noble General came,
And gave the cheaters a clear flam ;
His finger did outwit their noddy,
And screw'd up poor Jack Lambert's body,
And screw'd up poor Jack Lambert's body.

Then Haflerig began to scowl,
And said the General play'd foul :
Look to him, partners, for I tell ye,
This Monk has got a King in 's belly :
Not so, quoth Monk, but I believe,
Sir Arthur has a Knave in 's sleeve,
Sir Arthur has a Knave in 's sleeve.

When General Monk did understand
The Rump were peeping into 's hand,
He wisely kept his cards from sight,
Which put the Rump into a fright ;
He saw how many were betray'd,
That shew'd their Cards before they play'd,
That shew'd their Cards before they play'd.

At length, quoth he, some cards we lack,
I will not play with half a pack ;

What you cast out I will bring in,
And a new game we will begin :
With that the standers-by did say,
 They never yet saw fairer play,
 They never yet saw fairer play.

But presently this game was past,
And for a second Knaves were cast ;
All new cards, not stain'd with spots,
As was the Rumpers and the Scots—
Here good gamesters play'd their parts,
 And turn'd up the King of Hearts,
 And turn'd up the King of Hearts.

After this game was done, I think,
The standers-by had cause to drink,
And all loyal subjects sing,
Farewell Knaves, and welcome King :
For, till we saw the King return'd,
 We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd,
 We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd.







CHARLES II.



1



THE NOBLE PROGRESS:

OR, A TRUE RELATION OF THE LORD-GENERAL MONK'S
POLITICAL PROCEEDINGS WITH THE RUMP,
THE CALLING IN THE SECLUDED MEMBERS,
THEIR TRANSCENDANT VOTE FOR HIS
SACRED MAJESTY, WITH HIS RE-
CEPTION AT DOVOR, AND ROYAL
CONDUCT THRO' THE CITY
OF LONDON, TO HIS
FORMER PALACE AT
WHITEHALL.

[This curious street ballad, the original of which is in black letter, was discovered forming part of the lining of an old trunk. It is, probably, *unique*. The first part relates to the final dismissal of the Rump, and the election, with the concurrence of Monk, of a free parliament, or Convention, which voted the restoration of the exiled king. The second part describes the triumphal progress of Charles II. from Dover to Whitehall, accompanied by the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom.]

The tune is "When first the Scottish Wars began."



GOOD people hearken to my call,
I'll tell you all what did befall,
And happened of late ;
Our noble valiant General Monk,
Came to the Rump, who lately stunk,
With their Council of State.

Admiring what this man would do,
 His secret mind there's none could know,
 They div'd into him as much as they could,
 George would not be won with their silver nor gold.
 The Sectarian Saints at this lookt blew,
 With all the rest of the factious crew ;
 They vapor'd awhile and were in good hope ;
 But now they have nothing left but the rope.*

Another invention then they sought,
 Which long they wrought for to be brought
 To clasp him with they :
 Quoth Vane and Scot, I'll tell you what,
 We'll have a Plot, and he shall not,
 We'll carry the sway.† :
 Let's vote him a thousand pound a-year,
 And Hampton Court for him and his heir.
 Indeed, quoth George, ye're Free-Parliament men,
 To cut a thong out of another man's skin.
 The Sectarian Saints, &c.

* At this time, the Independent leaders were so unpopular that they dared not show their faces in the street, and were scarcely safe in their own dwellings.

† Alluding to Sir Henry Vane's proposal, when he was President of the Provisional Council of State, for the future and permanent settlement of the government, namely :—"That it is destructive to the people's liberties to admit any earthly king, or single person, to the legislative or executive power over this nation."

They sent him then with all his hosts,
To break our posts and raise our ghosts,
Which was their intent ;
To cut our gates and chains all down
Unto the ground, this trick they found,
To make him be shent :
This Plot the Rump did so accord,
To cast an odium on my Lord,
But in this task he was hard put unto 't
'Twas enough to infect both his horse and his foot.
The Sectarian Saints, &c.

But when my Lord perceiv'd that night
What was their spight, he brought to light
Their knaveries all ;
The Parliament of *Forty-eight*,
Which long did wait, came to him straight,
To give them a fall :
And some fanatical people knew,
That George would give 'em their fatal due :
Indeed he did requite them agen,
For he pull'd the Monster out o' the den.
The Sectarian Saints, &c.

To the House, our worthy Parliament,
With good intent they boldly went,
To vote home the King ;
And many hundred people more

Stood at the door and waited for
 Good tidings to bring :
 But some in the House had their hands much in blood,
 And in great opposition the traitors they stood.
 But yet, I believe, it is very well known
 That those that were for him were twenty to one.
 But the Sectarian Saints at this lookt blew,
 With all the rest of the factious crew ;
 They vapour'd awhile and were in good hope,
 But now they have nothing left but the Rope.



SECOND PART.



THEY call'd the League and Covenant in,
 To read again to every man,
 But what comes next ?
 All Sequestrations null and void,
 The people said none should be paid,
 For this was the text.
 For as I heard all the people say,
 They voted King Charles the first of May ;
 Bonfires burning, bells did ring,
 And our streets did echo with "God bless the King."
 At this the Sectarian Saints, &c.

Our General then to Dovor goes,
In spite of foes, or deadly blows,
Saying, "Vive le Roy:"
And all the Glories of the land,
At his command there they did stand
In triumph and joy.
Good Lord! what a sumptuous fight 'twas to see
Our good Lord-General fall on his knee,
To welcome home his Majesty,
And own his sacred sovereignty.
But the Sectarian Saints, &c.

Then all the worthy, noble train
Came back again with *Charlemagne*,
Our Sovereign great:
The Lord Mayor in his scarlet gown,
In 's chain so long, went thro' the town,
In pomp and state.
The Livery-men each line the way,
Upon this great triumphant day,
Five rich maces carried before,
And my Lord himself the Sword he bore.
Then *Vive le Roy* the Gentry did sing,
For General Monk rode next to the King,
With acclamations, shouts, and cries,
I thought they would have rent the skies.

The conduits ravished with joy,
As I may say, did run all day
Great plenty of wine ;
And every gentleman of note
In 's velvet coat that could be got,
In glory did shine.
There were all the Peers and Barons bold,
Richly 'tir'd in silver and gold,
March'd through the street so brave—
No greater pomp a King could have.
At this the Sectarian Saints, &c.

And thus conducted all along,
Throughout the throng, till he did come
Unto Whitehall ;
Attended by these Noble-men,
Bold Hero's kin that brought him in,
With the Generall.
Who was the man that brought him home,
And placed him on his Royal Throne ?
'Twas General Monk did do this thing—
So God preserve our gracious King !
And now the Sectarian Saints, &c.



A BALLAD.

[In this loyal effusion, the author compares Britain to a Barbary mare, and amusingly recapitulates the various attempts by the parliamentary factions, throughout the course of the Rebellion, to bestride and manage her ; ending his ballad with a flattering avowal of her superior judgment and tact exhibited on the part of her legitimate possessor—the restored King.]



LD England is now a brave Barbary made,
And every one has an ambition to ride
her ;
King Charles was a horseman that long
us'd the trade,
But he rode in a snaffle, and that could not guide her.

Then the hungry Scot comes with spur and with switch,
And would teach her to run a Geneva career ;
His grooms were all Puritan, traitor, and witch,
But she soon threw them down, with their pedlary
geer.

The Long Parliament next came all to the block,
And they this untameable palfrey would ride ;
But she would not bear all that numerous flock ;
At which they were fain themselves to divide.

Jack Presbyter first gets the steed by the head,
While the reverend Bishops had hold of the bridle :
Jack said through the nose, they their flocks did not feed,
But fat still on the beast, and grew aged and idle :

And then comes the Rout, with broomsticks inspir'd,
And pull'd down their graces, their sleeves and their
train,
And sets up Sir Jack, who the beast quickly tir'd,
With a journey to Scotland, and thence back again.

Jack rode in a doublet, with a yoke of prick-ears,
A curfed splay-mouth, and a Covenant-spur ;
Rides switching and spurring with jealousies and fears,
Till the poor famish'd beast was not able to stir.

Next came th' Independent, a dev'lish designer,
And got himself call'd by a holier name,
Makes Jack to unhorse, for he was diviner,
And would make her travel as far 's Amsterdam :

But Noll, a rank rider, gets first in the saddle,
And made her show tricks, and curvate and rebound ;
She quickly perceiv'd that he rode widdle-waddle,
And, like his coach-horses, threw his highness to ground.

Then Dick, being lame, rode holding by the pommel,
Not having the wit to get hold of the rein ;

But the jade did so snort at the sight of a Crom'ell,
That poor Dick and his kindred turn'd foot-men again.

Next Fleetwood and Vane, with their rascally pack,
Would every one put their feet in the stirrup ;
But they pull'd the saddle quite off of her back,
And were all got under her—before they were up.

At last the King mounts her, and then she stood still,
As his Bucephalus, proud of this rider ;
She cheerfully yields to his power and skill,
Who is careful to feed her, and skilful to guide her.



THE CAVALIER'S COMPLAINT.

[The Cavaliers were much disappointed at the neglect with which their claims to the royal favour were treated at the Restoration, and expressed great dissatisfaction at the preferments bestowed upon the Presbyterians, whose return to loyalty was thus conciliated and confirmed. It was commonly said of the "Act of Oblivion and Indemnity," that the King had passed an "act of oblivion for his friends, and of indemnity for his enemies." The famous divine, Dr. Isaac Barrow, who may be accepted as a fair exponent of the views of the Royalists at this juncture, conveyed, in the following distich, his sense of the inattention he experienced :

"Te magis optavit reditum, Carole, nemo,
Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus."

"Oh ! how my breast did ever burn
To see my lawful King return ;
Yet whilst his happy fate I bless,
No one has felt his influence less."]

To the tune of "I tell thee, Dick."



COME, Jack, let's drink a pot of ale,
And I shall tell thee such a tale,
Will make thy ears to ring ;
My coin is spent, my time is lost,
And I this only fruit can boast,
That once I saw my King.

But this doth most afflict my mind :
I went to Court in hope to find
Some of my friends in place ;
And walking there I had a fight
Of all the crew, but, by this light !
I hardly knew one face.

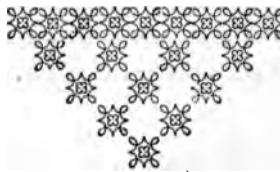
'S' life ! of so many noble sparks,
Who on their bodies bear the marks
Of their integrity ;
And suffered ruin of estate,
It was my damned unhappy fate,
That I not one could see.

Not one, upon my life, among
My old acquaintance all along
At Truro and before ;
And I suppose the place can shew
As few of those whom thou didst know
At York or Marston Moor.

But truly there are swarms of those
Who lately were our chiefest foes,
Of pantaloons and muffs ;
Whilst the old rusty Cavalier
Retires, or dare not once appear,
For want of coin and cuffs.

When none of these I could descry,
Who better far deserved than I,
Calmly I did reflect ;
“ Old services (by rule of State)
Like almanacs grow out of date,—
What then can I expect ? ”

Troth ! in contempt of fortune's frown,
I'll get me fairly out of town,
And in a cloister pray,
That since the stars are yet unkind
To Royalists, the King may find
More faithful friends than they.



AN ECHO TO THE CAVALIER'S
COMPLAINT.



MARVEL, Dick, that having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The world as thou hast done,
Thou should'st acquaint me with a tale

As old as Nestor, and as stale
As that of *Priest and Nun*.

Are we to learn what is a court?
A pageant made for Fortune's sport,
Where merits scarce appear;
For bashful merit only dwells
In camps, in villages, and cells;
Alas! 't dwells not there.

Desert is nice in its address,
And merit oftentimes doth oppress,
Beyond what guilt would do;
But they are sure of their demands
That come to Court with golden hands,
And brazen faces too.

The King, they say, doth still profess
To give his party some redress,
And cherish honesty ;
But his good wishes prove in vain,
Whose service with his servants' gain
Not always doth agree.

All princes (be they ne'er so wise)
Are fain to see with others' eyes,
But seldom hear at all ;
And courtiers find their interest,
In time to feather well their nest,
Providing for their fall.

Our comfort doth on time depend,
Things when at their worst will mend ;
And let us but reflect
On our condition t' other day,
When none but tyrants bore the sway—
What did we then expect ?

Meanwhile a calm retreat is best,
But discontent (if not suppress'd)
Will breed disloyalty ;
This is the constant note I sing,
I have been faithful to my King,
And so shall ever be.



A TURN-COAT OF THE TIMES:

WHO DOTH BY EXPERIENCE PROFESS AND PROTEST
THAT OF ALL PROFESSIONS, A TURN-COAT'S THE BEST.

[This, like the preceding ballad, is obviously penned by some disappointed Royalist, and exhibits the culpable partiality of the restored King in the dispensation of his favours.]



AS I was walking thro'
Hyde Park as I us'd to do,
Some two or three months ago,
I laid me all along,
Without any fear of wrong,
And listen'd unto a song :
It came from a powder'd thing,
As fine as a lord or a king ;
He knew not that I
Was got so nigh,
And thus he began to sing.

I am a Turn-coat knave,
Altho' I do bear it brave,
And do not shew all that I have ;
I can, with tongue and pen,
Court every sort of men,
And kill 'em as fast agen :

With zealots I can pray,
With Cavaliers I can play ;
 With shop-keepers I
 Can cog and lie,
And cozen as fast as they.

When first the wars began,
And 'prentices led the van,
 'Twas I that did fet them on ;
When they cry'd Bishops down,
In country, court, and town,
Quoth I, and have at the Crown :
The Covenant I did take,
For form and fashion's sake,
 But when it would not
 Support my plot,
'Twas like an old Almanack.

When Independency
Had superiority,
 I was of the same degree ;
When Keepers did command,
I then had a holy hand
In Deans' and in Chapters' land ;
But when I began to spy
Protectorship drew nigh,
 And Keepers were
 Thrown o'er the bar,
Old Oliver ! then cry'd I.

When Sectarists got the day,
I us'd my *yea* and *nay*,
 To flatter and then betray ;
In Parliament I gat,
And there a Member sat,
To tumble down Church and State,
For I was a trusty trout,
In all that I went about,
 And there we did vow
 To sit till now,
But Oliver turn'd us out.

We put down the House of Peers,
We kill'd the Cavaliers,
 And tippl'd the widows' tears ;
We sequester'd men's estates,
And made 'em pay monthly rates
To trumpeters and their mates.
Rebellion we did print,
And alter'd all the Mint ;
 No knavery then
 Was done by men
But I had a finger in't.

When Charles was put to flight,
Then I was at Wor'ter fight,
 And got a good booty by 't ;

At that most fatal fall
I kill'd and plunder'd all,
The weakest went to the wall ;
Whilst my merry mates fell on,
To pillaging I was gone,
There is many (thought I)
Will come by and bye,
And why should not I be one.

We triumph'd like the Turk,
We crippl'd the Scottish Kirk,
That set us first to work ;
When Cromwell did but frown,
They yielded every town,
St. Andrew's Cross went down ;
But when old Noll did dye,
And Richard his son put by,
I knew not how
To guide my plow,
Where now shall I be? thought I.

I must confess the Rump
Did put me in a dump,
I knew not what would be trump;
When Dick had lost the day,
My gaming was at a stay,
I could not tell what to play ;



When Monk was upon that score
I thought I would play no more,
I did not think what
He would be at,
I ne'er was so mumpt before.

But now I am at Court,
With men of the better fort,
And purchase a good report ;
I have the eyes and ears
Of many brave noble peers,
And flight the poor Cavaliers,
Poor knaves, they know not how
To flatter, cringe, and bow,
For he that is wise,
And means to rise,
He must be a Turn-coat too.



THE OLD CLOAK.

[In the autumn of 1663, whilst the King and his newly-married Queen were making a tour of pleasure in the western provinces, a conspiracy was discovered, carried on by the old Republicans, to restore the Commonwealth; for which twenty persons concerned in it were tried, convicted, and suffered early in the following year. The ballad sets forth all the evils consequent upon the former revolution, when "the old cloak," or Presbyterian party, gained the ascendancy; and concludes, as is usual in the satires of the time, by implicating the Papists, who were supposed to associate themselves, in turn, with every disaffected party in the State.]



COME buy my new Ballet,
I have 't in my wallet,
But 'twill not, I fear, please ev'ry pallet;
Then mark what in sooth

I swear by my youth,
That every line in my wallet is truth;
A Ballad of wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth:
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown,
That cramp't all the Kingdom, and cripp'l'd the Crown.

I tell you in brief,
A story of grief,
Which happen'd when Cloak was commander-in-chief:

It tore *Common-prayers*,
Imprison'd Lord Mayors ;
In one day it voted down prelates and players ;
It made people perjur'd, in point of obedience,
A Covenant cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us endeavor to pull this Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown.

It was a black Cloak,
In good time be it spoke,
That kill'd many thousands, but never struck stroke ;
With hatchet and rope,
The forlorn hope,
Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope :
It set all the Sects in the City to work,
And rather than fail, 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown.

It seiz'd on the Tower-guns,
Those fierce demi-gorgons ;
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs ;
The pulpits did smoke,
The churches did choke,
And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak :
It brought in lay-elders could not write nor read ;
It set Public Faith up, and pull'd down the *Creed*.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown

This pious Imposter
Such fury did foster,
It left us no penny, nor no *Pater-noster* ;
It threw to the ground
Ten Commandments down,
And set up twice twenty times ten of its own ;
It routed the King and villains elected
To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp't all the Kingdom, and cripp'l'd the Crown.

To blind people's eyes,
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise * ;
Men brought in their plate,
For reasons of State,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his mate :
In Pamphlets it writes many specious epistles,
To cozen poor wenches of bodkins and whistles.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp't all the Kingdom, and cripp'l'd the Crown.

In pulpits it mov'd,
And was much approv'd,
For crying out, " Fight the Lord's battles, below'd ! "

* The arbitrary manner in which the excise was levied, not only upon liquors but also upon provisions, to support the war against Charles I., disgusted people, and more particularly the poorer classes, more than all the other measures of the Long Parliament. See note to page 25.

It bob-tail'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown ;
and into the field it an army did bring,
to aim at the Council, but shot at the King.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp't all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

It rais'd up states,
Whose politic pates
now keep their quarters on the City-gates :
To father and mother,
To sister and brother,
gave a Commission to kill one another ;
took up men's horses, at very low rates,
and plunder'd our goods to secure our estates.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp't all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable deed,
made the best mirror of Majesty bleed ;
Tho' Cloak did not do 't,
He set it on foot,
by rallying and calling his journeymen to 't * ;

* An allusion to the Scots selling Charles the First to the Independents, who afterwards butchered him.

For never had come such bloody difafter,
If Cloak had not first drawn a sword at his Master.
Then let us endeavor to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp't all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

Let's pray that the King,
And his Parliament,
In sacred or secular things may be content ;
So righteously firm,
And religiously free,
That Papists and Atheists suppress'd may be :
And as there's one Deity that doth over-rule us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church doth continue's ;
Then Peace, Truth, and Plenty, our Kingdom will
crown,
And all Popish Plots and their Plotters shall down.



CLARENDON'S HOUSE-WARMING.

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

[Charles II., in the year 1664, granted to his Chancellor, the Earl of Clarendon, in consideration of his lordship's eminent services both at home and abroad, a valuable tract of land immediately fronting the royal palace of St. James's, whereon the earl determined to erect a suitable mansion for himself and heirs. The cost of doing so, as too frequently happens, proved three times as great as the original estimate—amounting, in fact, to 60,000*l*. Those who were intriguing at court for the downfall of the Chancellor, availed themselves of the opportunity of exposing, by all the means their spitefulness and ingenuity could suggest and invent, his reckless expenditure at a time when the nation was prostrated by war, pestilence, and fire; and succeeded as well in alienating from him the good will of the King, as exciting almost to madness the mind of the public against him. "Some called it (says Burnet) Dunkirk-house, intimating that it was built by his share of the price of Dunkirk; others called it Holland-house, because he was believed to be no friend to the war; so it was given out that he had money from the Dutch." The same authority informs us, that the unfortunate earl, when driven out of England, ordered his son to tell all his friends that if they could excuse the vanity and folly of Clarendon-house, he would undertake to answer for all the rest of his actions himself. In 1683, the house and lands surrounding it were purchased by Sir Thomas Bond, who demolished the former, and erected on its site Bond and Albemarle-streets.]





HEN Clarendon had discern'd beforehand,
 (As the *cause* can easily foretell the *effect*)
 At once three Deluges * threat'ning our
 land,

'Twas the season he thought to turn Architect.

As Mars, and Apollo, and Vulcan consume ;
 While he the betrayer of England and Flander,
 Like the king-fisher chooseth to build in the broom,
 And nestles in flames like the salamander.

But observing that mortals run often behind,
 (So unreasonable are the rates they buy at)
 His omnipotence therefore much rather design'd
 How he might create a house with a *fiat*.

He had read of Rhodope, a lady of Thrace,
 Who was courted so often ere she did marry ;
 And wish'd that his daughter had had as much grace
 To erect him a Pyramid out of a quarry.†

But then recollecting how the harper, Amphyon,
 Made Thebes dance aloft while he fiddl'd and sung,

* Alluding to the plague, the great fire of London, and the disgraceful war with the Dutch.

† A disgusting allusion to the clandestine marriage of the earl's eldest daughter to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

He thought (as an instrument he was moſt free on)
To build with the Jews-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a precedent fitter in Virgil he found,
Of African Poultney, and Tyrian Dide,
That he begg'd for a Palace ſo much of his ground
As might carry the meaſure and name of an *hyde*.*

Thus daily his gouty invention him pain'd,
And all for to ſave the expenſes of brickbat,
That engine ſo fatal, which Denham had brain'd,
And too much reſembled his wife's chocalate.

But while theſe devices he all doth compare,
None ſolid enough ſeem'd for his ſtrong caſtor ;
He himſelf would not dwell in a caſtle of air,
Though he had built full many a one for his Maſter.

Already he had got all our money and cattle,
To buy us for ſlaves, and purchaſe our lands ;
What Joſeph by famine, he wrought by ſea-battle †,—
Nay ſcarce the prieſt's portion could 'ſcape from his
hands.

And hence like Pharoah that Iſrael 'preſt
To make mortar and brick, yet allow'd 'em no ſtraw,
He cared not though Egypt's ten plagues us diſtreſt,
So he could to build but make policy law.

* The patronymic of the earl.

† 'Twas believed that the earl had been bribed by the Dutch to treat of a peace.

The Scotch forts and Dunkirk, but that they were sold,
He would have demolisht to raise up his walls ;
Nay, e'en from Tangier have sent back for the mould,
But that he had nearer the stones of St. Paul's. *

His wood would come in at an easier rate,
So long as the yards had a deal or a spar :
His friend in the Navy would not be ingrate,
To grudge him the timber who fram'd him the War.

To proceed with the model he call'd in his Allons —
The two Allons when jovial, who ply him with gallons—
The two Allons who serve his blind justice for ballance—
The two Allons who serve his injustice for talons.†

They approve it thus far and said it was fine,
Yet his Lordship to finish it would be unable,
Unless all abroad he divulg'd the design,
For his house then would grow like a vegetable.

* Part of the House was built with stones designed, before the civil war, for the repair of Old St. Paul's. The Chancellor was accused of turning to a profane use what he had purchased with a bribe.

† The two Allons, or Allens, were probably members of the Vintners' Company. Clarendon House was built (says Eachard) in the Chancellor's absence in the Plague-year, principally at the charge of the Vintners' Company, who, designing to monopolise his favour, made it abundantly more large and magnificent than ever he intended or desired.

His rent would no more in arrear run to Wor'ster * ;
 He should dwell more noble, and cheap too at home,
 While into a fabrick the presents would muster,
 As by hook and by crook the world clufter'd of atom.

He liked th' advice, and then soon it assayed,
 And presents crowd head-long to give good example :
 So the bribes overlaid her that Rome once betrayed :
 The Tribes ne'er contributed so to the Temple.†

Strait judges, priests, bishops, true sons of the seal,
 Sinners, governors, farmers, bankers, patentees,
 Bring in the whole mite of a year at a meal,
 As the Cheddar clubs dairy to th' incorporate cheese.

Bulsteel's, Beaken's, Morley, Wren's fingers with telling
 Were shrivell'd, and Clutterbuck, Eager's and Kips ;
 Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
 As at this Benevolence out of the snips.‡

* Alluding to Worcester House, in the Strand, where the Earl resided before building Clarendon House.

† Lord Dartmouth relates, in his notes on Burnet, that Clarendon House was chiefly furnished with Cavaliers' goods, brought thither for peace-offerings.

‡ In reference to this voluntary contribution made by the people to Charles II., with which Marvel compares the "peace-offerings" of the Cavaliers to the Chancellor, Pepys writes in his *Diary* (31st August, 1661):—"The Benevolence proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent everywhere, that it had better it had never been set up. I think to subscribe 20*l.* We are at our office quiet, only for lack of money all things go to rack. Our very bills offered to be sold upon the Exchange at 10 per cent. loss."

'Twas then that the Chimney-contractors he smok'd ;
 Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind ;
 But he swore that the patent should ne'er be revok'd —
 No ! would the whole Parliament salute him behind.

Like Jove under Ætna, o'erwhelming the giant,
 For foundation the Bristol funk in the earth's bowel ;
 And St. John muft now for the leads be compliant,
 Or his right hand shall elfe be cut off with a trowel.

For surveying the building 'twas Prat did the feat,
 But for th' expenfe he rely'd on Worftenholm,
 Who fat heretofore at the King's receipt,
 But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's custom.

By subsidies thus both cleric and laic,
 And with matter profane cemented with holy,
 He finisht at laft his palace mofaic,
 By a model more excellent than Lefly's folly.*

And upon the *turrus*, to confummate all,
 A lanthorn, like Fawk's, furveys the burnt Town,
 And fhews on the top, by the regal gilt ball,
 Where you are t' expect the *Sceptre and Crown*.†

* Alluding to Dr. John Leslie, the famous linguift and bifhop of the Orkneys, whence he was tranflated to the fee of Raphoe in Ireland (1633), where he built a palace, fo strongly fortified, that he was the laft who furrendered to the arms of Cromwell.

† A fimilar idea occurs in another and feverer contemporary lampoon quoted by Difraeli, in his *Curiofities of Literature* :—

and City ! its rubbish and ruins that builds
 Like chymists vain, a flow'r from its ashes returning* ;
 Your metropolis-house is in St. James' Fields,
 And till there you remove, you shall never leave burning.

is Temple, of War and of Peace is the shrine,
 Where this Idol of State sits ador'd and accurst ;
 And to handfel his altar and nostrils divine,
 Great Buckingham's † sacrifice must be the first.

Lo ! his whole ambition already divides
 The sceptre between the Stuarts and Hydes ;
 Behold ! in the depth of our plague and wars,
 He built him a palace outbraves the stars,
 Which House (we Dunkirk, he Clarendon names)
 Looks down with shame upon Saint James ;
 But 'tis not his golden-globe will save him,
 Being less than the Custom-house farmers gave him ;
 His chapel for consecration calls,
 Whose sacrilege plunder'd the stones from St. Pauls.
 When Queen Dido landed, she bought as much ground
 As the *hide* of a lusty fat ox would surround ;
 But when the said *hide* was cut into thongs,
 A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs ;
 So here in court, church, and country far and wide,
 Here's nought to be seen but *Hyde ! Hyde ! Hyde !*
 Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
 'Twas our *hides* of land, 'tis now our land of *Hydes*.

The resurrection, or *palingenesis*, of incinerated plants by means of fermentation, was one of those philosophical amusements that captivated the mind in the seventeenth century, much in the same manner as spirit-rapping, table-turning, &c., in our day.

The Chancellor, by his grave and haughty conduct, had rendered himself extremely obnoxious to Buckingham and the other

Now some (as all builders must censure abide)
 Throw dust in its front, and blame situation ;
 And others as much reprehend his backside,
 As too narrow by far for his expatiation ;

But do not consider how in process of times
 That for name-fake he may with Hyde-park it enlarge,
 And with that convenience he soon for his crimes
 At Tyburn may land, and spare the Tower barge :

Or rather how wisely his stall was built near,
 Left with driving too far his tallow impair ;
 When like the good ox, for public good cheer,
 He comes to be roasted next St. James' fair.

licentious persons about the court. "He often (says Eachard) took liberty to give such reproofs to these persons of wit and gallantry as were very unacceptable to them ; and sometimes thought it his duty to advise the King himself in such a manner, as they took advantage of him, and as he passed the court would often say, "There goes your schoolmaster !" The chief of those was the Duke of Buckingham, who had a surprising talent of ridicule and hypocrisy ; and that he might make way to his ruin, he often did act and mimic this great man in the presence of the King, walking stately with a pair of bellows before him for the *purse*, and Col. Titus carrying a fire-shovel on his shoulder for the *mace*, with which sort of banter and farce the King was too much delighted and captivated."



ON THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF
ALDERMEN PRESENTING THE KING
AND THE DUKE OF YORK WITH
A COPY OF THEIR FREEDOM.

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

[In November, 1674, on the accession of Sir Robert Vyner to the mayoralty, Charles the Second was magnificently entertained at the Guildhall ; when he was pleased to accept the freedom of the city, the copy and seal of which were conveyed with great pomp to his palace at Whitehall, in two boxes of massive gold. In the *Spectator* (No. 462) is told the story of Sir Robert Vyner's successfully urging the King, at this entertainment, "to return and take t'other bottle." The author of this ballad was disgusted at the sycophancy of the citizens of London, who had lately been so grossly defrauded by Charles, when he suddenly closed the Exchequer.]



THE Londoners Gent. to the King do present

In a box the City Maggot ;

'Tis a thing full of weight that requires the
might

Of the Guildhall team to drag it.

Whilst their churches unbuilt, their houses undwelt,

And their orphans want bread to feed 'em ;

Themselves they've bereft of the little wealth they had
left,

To make an offering of their "freedom."

O ye addled-brain'd cits ! who, henceforth in their wits,
Would entrust their youth to your heading,—
When in diamonds and gold you have him thus enroll'd,
You know both his friends and his breeding—?

Beyond sea he began, where such a riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him ;
And now he's come o'er ten times worse than before,
When none but such fools would receive him !

He ne'er knew, not he, how to serve or be free,
Though he has past through so many adventures ;
But e'er since he was bound (that is, he was crown'd)
He has every day broke his Indentures.

He spends all his days in running to plays,
When he should in the shop be staying ;
And he wastes all his nights in his constant delights
Of revelling, drinking, and playing.

Throughout Lombard Street, each man he did meet,
He would run on the score and borrow ;
When they ask'd for their own he was broke and gone,
And his creditors left to sorrow.*

* The citizens of London were the principal sufferers by the sudden shutting up of the Exchequer two years previously. The Lord Mayor, Sir Robert Vyner, lost upwards of 400,000*l.* by that unparalleled act of fraud.

'ho' oft bound to the peace, yet he never would cease
To vex his poor neighbours with quarrels ;
And when he was beat, he still made his retreat
To his Clevelands, his Nells, and his Carwells.

Jay, his company lewd, were twice grown so rude,
That had not fear taught him sobriety ;
And the House being well barr'd, with guard upon guard,
They'd robb'd us of all our propriety.

Such a plot was laid, had not Ashley betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former disasters,
And your wives had been strumpets to his Highness'
trumpets,
And foot-boys had all been your masters.

So many are the debts, for his numerous brats,
Which must all be defray'd by London ;
That notwithstanding the care of Sir Thomas Player *,
The chamber must needs be undone.

His words, nor his oath, can bind him to troth,
And he values not credit or history ;
And tho' he has serv'd thro' two 'prenticeships now,
He knows not his trade or mystery.

* The Chamberlain of the City.

Then London rejoice in thy fortunate choice
To have made him free of thy spices ;
And do not mistrust he may once grow more just,
When he 'as worn off his folly and vices.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the kingdom's darling— ?
Ye hug it and draw, like ants at a straw,
Tho' too small for the gristle of Sterling.

Is it a box of pills to cure the Duke's ills
(He is too far gone to begin it !)
Or, does your fine show in proceffioning go
With the pix and the host within it— ?

The very first head of the oath you him read,
Show you all how fit he 's to govern ;
When in heart (you all knew) he ne'er was, nor will be
true
To his country, or to his sovereign.

And who could swear, that he would forbear
To cull out the good of an alien,
Who still doth advance the government of France,
With a wife and religion Italian— ?

nd now, worshipful firs, go fold up your furs,
And Vyners turn again, turn again,
see who e'er's freed, you for slaves are decreed,
Until you *burn again, burn again*.*

* Alluding to the great fire of London in 1666.



THE HISTORY OF INSIPIDS.

BY JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

[Bishop Burnet relates, in his *Life of Rochester*, that the Earl once, being drunk, intended to present King Charles the Second with a libel that he had written on some ladies connected with the Court; but by a mistake he handed him one written on himself. If this is the libel in question, the merry monarch must have been very much of Andrew Marvel's opinion, that the profligate earl "was a man who had the true vein of satire in him." Probably no severer lampoon than this was ever penned; certainly no one more richly merited it than the object of it; and, unhappily, no one was less affected by such exposures than the regal pensioner of France. Rochester was not the only one who exposed to his face the unpatriotic and sensual conduct of the King. Pepys records Tom Killigrew having told Charles, in the presence of Cowley the poet, that matters were in a very ill state, but yet there was one way to help all. "There is (said he) a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." To this Pepys adds: "This is most true, but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration." *Diary*, 8 Dec. 1666.]

I.



HASTE, pious, prudent Charles the Second,
 The miracle of thy Restoration,
 May like to that of quails be reckon'd,
 Rain'd on the Israelitish nation :

The wish'd-for blessing from Heav'n sent,
Became their curse and punishment.

2.

The virtues in thee, Charles, inherent,
Albeit thy face is somewhat odd,
Proves thee as proper a vicegerent
As e'er was Harry ordain'd by God ;
For chastity and pious deeds
His grandfire Harry, Charles exceeds.

3.

Our Romish bondage-breaker, Harry,
Espoused half a dozen wives ;
Charles only one resolv'd to marry ;
With other men's he never lives ;—
Yet hath he sons and daughters more
Than e'er had Harry by three score.

4.

Never was such a faith's defender,
He like a politic prince, and pious,
Gives liberty to conscience tender ,
And doth to no religion tie us :
Jews, Turks, Christians, Papists, he'll please us
With Moses, Mahomet, or Jesus.



5.

In all affairs of Church or State,
He very zealous is, and able ;
Devout at pray'rs, and sits up late,
At the Cabal and Council-table ;
His very dog at Council-board
Sits grave and wife as any lord.

6.

Let Charles his policy no man flout,
The wisest kings have all some folly ;
Nor let his piety any doubt ;
Charles, like a sovereign wife and holy,
Makes young men judges of the bench,
And bishops those that love a wench.

7.

His father's foes he doth reward,
Preserving those that cut off 's head ;
Old Cavaliers, the Crown's best guard,
He lets them starve for want of bread :
Never was any king induced
With so much grace and gratitude.

8.

Blood*, that wears treason in his face,
Villain complete, in parson's gown,—

* The noted desperado, Colonel Thomas Blood, who, notwithstanding his atrocious attempt to murder the Duke of Ormond, is

How much is he at Court in grace
 For stealing Ormond and the crown !
 Since loyalty does no man good,
 Let's steal the King and out-do Blood.

9.

A Parliament of knaves and fots,
 Members by name you must not mention,
 He keeps in pay, and buys their votes,
 Here with a place, there with a pension :
 When to give money he can't cologue 'em,
 He doth with scorn prorogue, prorogue 'em.*

the same year (1670), disguised as a priest, to steal the regalia in the Tower, was not only freely pardoned, but liberally pensioned Charles !

* Marvel has also exposed this common expedient of the King in the following stinging epigram :

“ There's a House to be let,
 For Charles Bawd swore,
 By infamous Portsmouth,
 He would shut up the door.
 Inquire at the lodgings,
 Next door to the Pope,
 At Duke Lauderdale's head,
 With a cravat of rope.
 And there you will hear
 How next he will let it ;
 If you pay the old price
 You will certainly get it.
 He holds it in tail
 From his father, who fast
 Did keep it long shut,
 But paid for't at last.”



10.

But they long since by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and sold the nation ;
Making their memberships a living,
Better than e'er was sequestration :
God give thee, Charles, a resolution
To damn the knaves by dissolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on success,
Though victories were Cæsar's glory ;
Lost battles make not Pompey less,
But left them filed great in story :
Malicious fate doth oft devise
To beat the brave, and fool the wife.

12.

Charles in the first Dutch war stood fair
To have been sovereign of the deep ;
When Opdam blew up in the air*,
Had not his Highness† gone to sleep :
Our fleet slack'd sails, fearing his waking,
The Dutch else had been in sad taking.

* Alluding to the memorable defeat of the Dutch, off Harwich, 3rd June, 1665, when the ship of Opdam, their admiral, blew up, and himself, with 500 of his men, perished in the explosion. Rochefort bore a part in that great sea fight.

† The Duke of York. The charge of his having retired to rest in order to avoid a continuance of the battle, was investigated by Parliament, which exonerated the Duke.

13.

The Bergen* business was well laid,
Though we paid dear for that design ;
Had we not three days parling staid,
The Dutch fleet there, Charles, had been thine :
Though the false Dane agreed to sell 'um,
He cheated us, and saved Skellum.

14.

Had not Charles sweetly chous'd the States,
By Bergen-baffle grown more wife,
And made them pay him higher rates,
By their rich Smyrna fleet's surprise :
Had haughty Holms† but call'd in Spragg‡,
Horns had been put into a bag.

15.

Mists, storms, short victuals, adverse winds,
And once the natives' wife division,

* The fort of Bergen, in Norway, in the harbour of which town the Dutch East India fleet had taken refuge, where, with the connivance of the King of Denmark (the port being a neutral one), a desperate attempt was made by the English to capture the merchantmen, which alone were valued at 25,000,000 livres. The failure of this enterprise, in which Rochester also bore a part, created much unpleasant speculation at the time.

† Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Holms, known in his day as "the cursed beginner of the two Dutch wars."

‡ Admiral Sir Edward Spragg, who was subsequently drowned (1673).

Defeated Charles his best designs,
 Till he became his foes derision :
 But he had swing'd the Dutch at Chatham,
 Had he had ships but to come at 'em.*

16.

Our Blackheath host, without dispute,
 Rai'd (put on board, why no man knows)
 Must Charles have render'd absolute,
 Over his subjects or his foes :
 Has not the French King made us fools,
 By taking Maeftricht with our tools ?

17.

But Charles, what could thy object be
 To run so many sad disasters ;
 To join thy fleet with false D'Estrées†,
 To make the French of Holland masters ?

* Alluding to the national disgrace, when the Dutch failed up the Medway (11th June, 1667), captured Sheerneys, burnt the magazines and several men of war, and blew up the fortifications.

† The French Admiral, Count D'Estrées, who was associated with, but rendered little assistance to, the Duke of York and Lord Sandwich, when they were opposed to the Dutch in Solebay (28th May, 1672). Rochester, of course, was ignorant of the disgraceful arrangements which had been privately entered into between Charles and Louis.

Was 't Carwell*, Brother James, or Teague,
That made thee break the Triple-league ?

18.

Could Robin Viner† have foreseen
The glorious triumphs of his master,

* Louise de Quéroualle (which the English pronounced "Carll"), Duchess of Portsmouth, and one of the King's mistresses. She was also the reputed spy of Louis XIV. Her portrait is thus described in 1682, when she had passed the meridian of life :

" Who can on this picture look,
And not straight be wonder-struck,
That such a sneaking dowdy thing
Shou'd make a beggar of a king ;
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears ;
Ruin the great and raise the small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation she is head :
For half Whitehall makes her their court,
Tho' t'other half makes her their sport.
Monmouth's tamer, Jeffrey's advance,
Foe to England, spy to France ;
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old."

† Sir Robert Vyner, Lord Mayor of London in 1675. He erected an equestrian statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, into representation of Charles II., and set it up at the north end of Mary Woolnoth Church, Lombard Street. This statue excited the wit of the contemporary satirists, as much as the circumstances

The Wool-church statue gold had been,
Which now is made of alabaster :
But wise men think, had it been wood,
'Twere for a bankrupt King too good.

19.

Those that the fabric well confider,
Do of it diversely discourse ;
Some pass their censure on the rider,
Others their judgment on the horse ;
Most say the steed's a goodly thing,
But all agree 'tis a lewd King.

under which it was placed there. It is thus described in another lampoon of the day :

“ By all it appears, from the first to the last,
To be as revenge and malice forecast,
Upon the King's birthday to set up a thing
That shows him a monkey more like than a king.
When each one that passes finds fault with the horse,
Yet all do assure that the King is much worse :
And some by the likeness Sir Robert suspect
That he did for the King his own statue erect.
To see him so disguised the herb-women chide,
Who upon panniers more decently ride ;
And so loose are his feet that all men agree,
Sir William Peak sits much faster than he.
But a market, they say, doth fit the King well,
Who oft Parliaments buys and revenues sell ;
And others, to make the similitude hold,
Say his Majesty himself is oft bought and sold.”

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave coxcombs,
 Freeman of London Charles is made ;
 Then to Whitehall a rich gold box comes,
 Which was bestow'd on the French jade :
 But wonder not it should be so, firs,
 When monarchs rank themselves with grocers.*

21.

Cringe, scrape no more, ye City fops,
 Leave off your feasting and fine speeches ;
 Beat up your drums, shut up your shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiss your breeches :
 Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke† that rules,
 You're free-born subjects, not French mules.

22.

New upstarts, pimps, bastards, wh—s,
 That locust-like devour the land,
 By shutting up the Exchequer doors ‡,
 When thither our money was trepann'd ;

* Vide p. 185.

† James, Duke of York.

‡ Alluding to the King's flagitious conduct on the 2nd Jan. 72, when, during the prorogation of Parliament, he suddenly sed the Exchequer, — an act which amounted to an avowal of national bankruptcy, and which had the immediate effect of spreading n far and wide, and of entirely uprooting credit. By this iniqui- is proceeding Charles pocketed 1,300,000*l*.

Have rendered Charles his Restoration
But a small blessing to the nation.

23.

Then, Charles, beware thy brother York,
Who to thy government gives law ;
If once we fall to the old sport,
You must again both to Breda :
Where spite of all that would restore you,
Grown wise by wrongs, we shall abhor you.

24.

If all Christian blood the guilt
Cries loud for vengeance unto heaven—
That sea by treacherous Louis spilt,
Can never be by God forgiven ;
Worse scourge unto his subjects, Lord !
Than pestilence, famine, fire, or sword.

25.

That false, rapacious Wolf of France*,
The scourge of Europe and its curse ;
Who at his subjects' cry does dance,
And studies how to make 'em worse :
To say such kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were most prodigious blasphemy !

* Louis XIV.

26.

Such know no laws but their own lust ;
Their subjects' substance and their blood,
They count it tribute true and just,
Still spent and spilt for subjects' good :
If such kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's anointed.

27.

Such kings (curst be the power and name !)
Let all the world henceforth abhor 'em ;
Monsters which knaves sacred proclaim,
And then like slaves fall down before 'em :
What can there be in Kings divine—
The most are wolves, goats, sheep, or swine !

28.

Then farewell sacred majesty,
Let's pull all brutish tyrants down ;
Where men are born and still live free,
Here ev'ry head does wear a crown :
Mankind, like the unhappy frogs,
Prove wretched, king'd by Storks and Logs.



THE GENEVA BALLAD.

[The gradual development of Charles' despotic character and aims, and more particularly his suspected attachment to popery, not only gave offence and alarm to all moderate and well-meaning men in the country, but called into activity once more the Republican or Presbyterian faction, which could now, with some show of reason, justify their former opposition to his father and himself. This is one of the many servile ballads sent abroad by the Court party, in which the author retorts upon the suspicious Presbyterian the charges that the latter usually preferred against the Papists, namely, that they sought to override both Church and State.]

To the tune of 48.



Of all the factions in the Town,
Mov'd by French springs or Flemish wheels,
None treads Religion upside down,
Or tears pretences out at heels,

Like *Splay-mouth** with his brace of caps,
Whose conscience might be scann'd perhaps
By the dimensions of his chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his actions all divine,
Who, when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine:

* The nick-name commonly applied to the Presbyterian body both during the Rebellion and after the Restoration.

Nay, he can bellow, bray, and bark.
Was ever such a Beuk-learn'd Clerk,
That speaks all linguas of the Ark?

To draw in profelytes like bees,
ith pleafing twang he tones his profe,
He gives his handkerchief a squeeze,
id draws John Calvin through his nose.
Motive on motive he obtrudes,
With flip-stockin fimilitudes,
Eight ufes more—and fo concludes.

When Monarchy began to bleed,
id Treafon had a fine new name ;
When Thames was balderdash'd with Tweed,
id pulpits did with beacons flame ;
When Jeroboam's calves were rear'd,
And Laud was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This Gofpel-comet firft appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd fingers flripp'd
s Sov'reign Liege of power and land,
And, having fmote his Mafter, flipp'd
s fword into his fellow's hand.
But he that wears his eyes may note,
Ofttimes the butcher binds a goat,
And leaves his boy to cut her throat.

Poor England felt his fury then
Outweigh'd Queen Mary's many grains ;
His very preaching slew more men,
Than Bonner's faggots, stakes, and chains.
With dog-star zeal and lungs like Boreas,
He fought and taught ; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him glorious !

Yet drew for King and Parliament,
As if the wind could stand North-South ;
Broke Moses' Law with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth :
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor clemency, nor acts of grace,
Can blanch an Ethiopian's face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally upon the Saints in swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs, leave your sins ;*
But whispers, *Boys, stand to your arms.*
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his gods can't be subdu'd—
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than St. George or the Kings of Colen ;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The old wives wind their dead in wollen.

He calls the bishop Grey-beard Goff,
And makes his power a mere scoff,
As Dagon, when his hands were off.

Hark ! how he opens with full cry !
Alloo, my hearts, beware of ROME !
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domestic broils at home.
How quietly great Charles might reign,
Would all these Hotspurs cross the main,
And preach down Popery in Spain !

The starry rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no dissension in the sky :
And can there be a mean betwixt
Confusion and Conformity ?
A place divided never thrives :
'Tis bad where hornets dwell in hives,
But worse where children play with knives.

I would as soon turn back to mafs,
Or change my phrase to *Thee* and *Thou* ;
Let the Pope ride me like an ass,
And his priests milk me like a cow :
As buckle to Smectymnian laws,
The bad effects o' th' *Good Old Cause*,
That have dove's plumes, but vulture's claws.

For 'twas the Haly Kirk that nurf'd
The Brownist's and the Ranter's crew ;
Foul Error's motly vesture first
Was oaded * in a Northern blue.
And what's th' enthusiastic breed,
Or men of Knipperdoling's creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to feed ?

Yet they all cry, *They love the King*,
And make boast of their innocence :
There cannot be so vile a thing,
But may be color'd with pretence.
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,
No subject like th' *old Cavalier*,
No traitor like *Jack Presbyter*.

* Dyed.



TITUS TELLTROTH.

[The unparalleled fictions of Titus Oates (the subject of this and innumerable ballads), no doubt, would have speedily consigned their wretched author to Tyburn instead of to Whitehall, but for the unfortunate and mysterious death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, (who had taken his evidence,) happening about the same time, an event which confirmed the delusions of the people, and rendered their prejudices absolutely incurable. "Thenceforward," remarks Hume, "to deny the reality of the [Popish] plot was to be an accomplice; to hesitate was criminal." This ballad issued from the prolific press of Nat Thompson, the Romanist, and was penned by one Banks, as appears from a stanza in *Thompson-Tell-Lies*, a contemporary broadside :

" Titus the light of the Town,
 They call thee (and well they may) ;
 But Banks that Papistical clown
 Calls thee so in a jeering way.
 He calls thee the scorn of the Court,
 O ! pity it should be so ;
 What cattle do hither resort
 By abusing of thee we know."]

To the tune of "Hail to the Myrtle shades."



HAIL to the Knight of the Post,
 To Titus the chief of the town ;
 Titus, who vainly did boast
 Of the Salamanca gown* ;

* Oates passed the greater part of the year 1677 in Valladolid, where he joined the Society of the Jesuits, with the sole purpose, as he afterwards acknowledged, "of betraying them."

Titus, who saw the world o'er,
From the tower of Valladolid,
Yet stood in the White-Horse door*,
And swore to it like a creed.

Titus at Wotton in May,
To Titus at Islington ;
And Titus the self-same day,
Both here and there again.
Titus, who never swore truth,
His politic plots to maintain,
And never yet baulked an oath,
When call'd to the test again.

Then Titus was meekest of all,
When never a penny in 's purse,
And oft did on Pickering† call,
His charity to imburse.
But when he swore damnable oaths,
And lying esteem'd no sin,
Then Titus was one of those
Whom the Devil had enter'd in.

* Alluding to the White Horse tavern, in the Strand, where Oates swore the Jesuits concerted their "plot."

† Thomas Pickering, a Roman Catholic priest, and one of the earliest victims of Oates' perjury, notwithstanding the fact of his having oftentimes befriended him in his poverty.

Then Titus the frown of heaven,
 And Titus, a plague upon earth ;
 Titus, who'll ne'er be forgiven,
 Curs'd from his fatal birth ;
 Titus, the curfe and the doom
 Of the rich and the poor man too —
 O Titus, thou *shred of a loom**,
 What a plague dost thou mean to do ?

Titus an orthodox beast,
 And Titus a Presbyter tall ;
 Titus a Popish priest,
 And Titus the shame of them all † ;
 Titus, who ne'er had the skill,
 The wife with his plots to deceive ;
 But Titus whose *tongue* ‡ can kill,
 Whom nature has made a slave.

Titus, the light of the town,
 Where zealots and Whigs co-refort ;

* Alluding to the mean origin of Oates, whose father was originally a ribbon-weaver, but afterwards an Anabaptist preacher.

† Oates had ministered successively in the churches of England and Rome, and amongst the Baptists, with whom he finally remained.

‡ A punning allusion to Dr. Ezrael Tonge, who had the credit of having instructed and qualified Oates for his desperate undertaking. The doctor, however, was the first to reveal the "plot" to the government.

Titus, the shame of the gown,
 And Titus the scorn of the Court* ;
 Titus who spew'd out the truth,
 To swallow the Covenant,
 But never yet blush'd at an oath,
 Whom lying has made a faint.

Yet Titus believ'd could be
 Against any popish lord,
 While still against Shaftesbury
 The witness and truth's abhorr'd :
 So Titus got credit and gold †
 For lying, and thought it no sin ;

* The King had from the beginning looked upon the Popish plot discoverers as little better than impostors.

† Parliament settled a pension of 500*l.* *per ann.* upon Oates, which was subsequently increased to 1200*l.* as well as provided him with apartments in the palace of Whitehall. His success in the reign of Charles is humorously contrasted with his too tardy punishment in that of James, in the following stanzas from a contemporary Scotch ballad :

“ Sic a trade as Titus drave,
 As Titus drave, as Titus drave,
 When these three nations he did save,
 He'll never drive again, jo.

“ Ten pounds a-week he did receive,
 And muckle mair the *godly* gave,
 And there was nought but ask and have,
 The like was never seen, jo.

“ But to Tyburn Titus trigs,
 In company o' th' godly Whigs,
 To dance and sing Geneva jigs,
 And there's an end o' him, jo.”



But against Dissenters bold
The truth is not worth a pin.

Thus Titus swore on a-pace
'Gainst those whom he never did see ;
Yet Titus with brazen face,
Would our *preserver* be :
But Titus, the foreman in trust,
Discover'd this mystery,
May Titus so be the first
That leads to the triple-tree.



INFORMATION.

[This ballad likewise refers to the Popish-plot mania, and was suggested, no doubt, by the over-zealous "address of the Lords spiritual and temporal," to the King, in which they prayed his Majesty to issue a proclamation to the effect "that if any person or persons shall, before the 25th day of December next [1678], make any further discovery of the late horrid designs against his Majesty's sacred person and government, . . . shall not only receive *for every such discovery* the reward of 200*l.*," but, whether principal or not in the said design, "shall have his Majesty's gracious pardon." The very day on which this extraordinary proclamation was issued, Oates and his co-jurors proceeded so far as to accuse the Queen herself before the Privy Council!]

To the tune of "Conventicles are grown so brief:"



INFORMING of late is a notable trade :

For he that his neighbor intends to invade,
May pack him to Tyburn, no more's to be
said ;

Such power hath information.

Be good and be just, and fight for your King,
Or stand for your country's honor,
And you're sure by precise information to swing,
Such spells she hath got upon her.

To six hundred and sixty from forty-one,
 She left not a bishop or clergyman,
 But compell'd both Church and State to run
 By the strength of the Nonconformist.
 The dean and chapter, the sceptre and crown,
 (The lords and commons snarling)
 By blest information came tumbling down ;
 Fair fruits of an over-long parling.

'Twas this that summon'd the bodkins all,
 The thimbles and spoons to the City-hall,
 When St. Hugh* to the babes of grace did call,
 To prop up the *Cause* that was sinking :
 This made the cobbler take the sword,
 The pedlar, and the weaver ;
 By the pow'r of the spirit, and not by the word,
 Made the tinker wear cloak and beaver.

'Tis information from Valladolid †
 Makes jesuits, monks, and friars bleed ;
 Decapitates lords, and what not, indeed,
 Doth such damnable information ?
 It cities burnt, and stuck not to boast,
 Without any finning or scruple,
 Of forty thousand black bills by the post
 Brought in by the devil's pupil.

* Hugh Peters, the celebrated preacher in the days of the Commonwealth.

† Vide the preceding ballad.

This imp, with her jealousies and fears,
Sets all men together by the ears,
Strikes at religion, and kingdoms tears,
By voting against the brother* :
This makes abhorers, makes lords protest,
They know not why nor wherefore ;
This strikes at succession, but aims at the rest ;
Pray look about you therefore.

This raiseth armies in the air,
Imagining more than you need have to fear,
Keeps horse under ground, and armies to tear
The cities and towns in funder.
'Twas this made the knight to Newark run,
With his *fidus Achates* behind him ;
Who brought for the father one more like the son,
The devil and zeal did so blind him.

It strips, it whips, it hangs, it draws,
It pillories also without any cause,
By falsely informing the judges and laws,
By a trick from Salamanca :
This hurly-burles all the town,
Makes Smith and Harris prattle,
Who spare neither cassock, cloak, nor gown,
In their paltry tittle-tattle.

* Alluding to the daily increasing opposition to the succession of the Duke of York.

'Tis information affrights us all,
By information we stand or fall,
Without information there's no plot at all,
And all is but information.
That Pickering stood in the Park with a gun,
And Godfrey by Berry was strangled ;
'Twas by information such stories began,
Which the nation so much have entangled.



ON THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH TO PARLIAMENT.

[This ballad was suggested by the speech of the Earl of Shaftsbury, when he made his memorable motion in the Lords for a committee of the whole House "to consider the state of the nation," 25th March, 1679, a period characterised above all others for alleged plots and conspiracies, which kept the public mind in an unparalleled state of ferment. The speech (of which, it is said, 30,000 copies were printed and circulated a few days after it was delivered) was aimed against the romanizing tendencies of the Court, and led to the adoption of Sir William Temple's strange plan of government by a permanent council of thirty.]



WOULD you send Kate * to Portugal,
Great James † to be a Cardinal,
And make Prince Rupert Admiral,
This is the time.

Would you turn Danby ‡ out of doors,
Banish rebels and French wh—,
The worser sort of common shores ;
This is the time.

* Katharine, Infanta of Portugal, and Queen of Charles II.

† James, Duke of York, brother to the King.

‡ The Earl of Danby was at this time extremely obnoxious to Shaftsbury and the anti-court party, and, despite the King's efforts to shield him, was compelled to fly his country to escape the vengeance of his political opponents.

Would you exalt the mighty name
Of Shaftsbury and Buckingham *,
And not forget Judge Scroggs † his fame,
This is the time.

Would you our Sovereign disabuse,
And make his Parliament of use,
Not to be changed like dirty shoes,
This is the time.

Would you extirpate pimps and panders,
Disband the rest of our Commanders,
Send Mulgrave after Teague to Flanders,
This is the time.

Would you remove our ministers,
The cursed cause of all our fears,
Without forgetting turn-coat Meres ‡,
This is the time.

* Both these noblemen not only fought for and obtained the freedom of the city of London, but also aspired to the highest offices in it. Shaftsbury was pleased to be addressed by his *Jobriquet* of "the alderman."

† Sir William Scroggs, the infamous Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

‡ Henry Booth, son of the first Lord de la Mere, created, in 1690, Earl of Warrington.



Would you once more blefs this nation,
 By changing of Portfmouth's * vocation,
 And find one fit for procreation,
 This is the time.

Would you let Portfmouth try her chance,
 Believe Oats, Bedloe, Dugdale, Prance †,
 And fend Barillon ‡ into France,
 This is the time.

Would you turn Papifts from the Queen,
 Cloifter up fulsome Mazarine §,
 Once more make Charles great again,
 This is the time.

* Louife de Quéroutalle, Duchefs of Portfmouth, the miftrefs of the King, and the reputed fpy of Louis XIV.

† Bedloe and Dugdale were joint witneffes with Oates to the alleged Popifh plot of 1678-9, and Prance was fufpected of having murdered Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, 12th Oct. 1678.

‡ Barillon was the French ambaffador to the Court of England.

§ The Duchefs of Mazarine, who came to England in 1675, and was thought to have been fent hither to fupplant the Duchefs of Portfmouth in the confidence and affections of the King.



A NEW SATIRICAL BALLAD OF THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE TIMES.

This ballad, manifestly written by a partizan of the Court, gives a very inadequate picture of the period to which it refers. "The most loyal Parliament that ever met in England" (as it has been characterised by the greatest of modern historians), and which had been in existence ever since the restoration of Charles, was just dissolved; and new appeals were about to be made to the country, threatened beyond measure by the misgovernment of the King, and the abominable fictions of Titus Oates and his coadjutors and rivals. The religious apostacy of the highest personages in the realm, the wing influence of the Roundhead party, and the prevailing fear of Popery, were sufficient to create that "licentiousness" of speech which the author of this ballad so much deprecates.]

To the tune of "The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green."

HE Devil has left his puritanical dress,
And now like a hawker attends on the Press,
That he might thro' the town sedition disperse,
In pamphlets and ballads, in prose and in verse.

Is surely so, for if the Devil wasn't in 't,
There would not be so many strange things in print;
Now each man writes what seems good in his eyes,
And tells in bald rhymes his inventions and lies.

Some relate to the world their own causeless fears,
 Endeavoring to set us together by the ears,
 They strive to make factions for two great commanders,
 Tho' one be in Holland, the other in Flanders.*

They baul and they yaul aloud thro' the whole town,
 The rights to succession and claims to the Crown,
 And snarling and grumbling like fools at each other,
 Raise contests and factions betwixt son and brother.†

Here one doth on this side his verties oppose,
 Up starts another and jousts with him in prose,
 On Rumour a jade, they get up, and mount her,
 And so like Don Quixote with wind-mills encounter.

Our sun is not setting, it does not grow dark yet,
 The King is in health still, and gone to New-Market,
 Let then idle coxcombs leave off their debating,
 What either side says is uncommonly prating.

Another tho' he be but a senseless wadgion,
 Will, like an archbishop, determine religion :
 Whate'er his opinion is that must be best,
 And strait he confutes, and confounds all the rest.

* The Dukes of Monmouth and York : the first of whom, up his dismissal from the post of Captain-General, retired to Holland and the second, by desire of the King, departed with his family Brussels, March 19-1679.

† Monmouth and York.

I' the coffee-house here one with a grave face,
When after salute, he hath taken his place,
His pipe being lighted begins for to prate,
And wifely discourfes the affairs of the State.

Another in fury the board strait does thump,
And highly extols the blest times of the Rump ;
The Pope and all monarchs he sends to the devil,
And up in their places he sets Harry Nevil.*

Another who would be diftinguifh'd from cit,
And fwearing G—d d—n me, to fhew him a wit,
(Who for all his huffing one grain hath not got)
Scoffs at all religion, and the Popifh Plot.

One with an uncivil fatirical jeft,
To be thought a wit, has a fling at the prieft,
He jeers at his betters, and all men of note,
From th' Alderman to the canonical coat.

A politick citizen in his blew gown,
As gravely in fhop he walks up and down,
Inftead of attending the wares on his ftall,
Is all day relating th' intrigues of Whitehall.

* A conspicuous member of the Council of State appointed by the Parliament in 1659, who was opposed to the reftoration of Charles.

And though to speak truth he be but a noddy,
He'd have you to think that he is somebody,
With politic shrug, e'vn as bad as a curse,
He cries out, O ! the times, no mortal saw worfe.

Then comes a wife knight as the whole city's factor,
Speaks prologue in prose, too grave for an actor,
And being fore frightened, in a learned speech,
To stand to their arms all the cits does beseech.

The cobbler in stall, did you but hear him prate,
You'd think that he sat at the helm of the State,
His awl lay'd aside, and in right hand a pot,
He roundly rips up the *scut* of the Plot.

But it is not enough to see what is past,
For these very men become prophets at last,
And with the same eyes can see what is meant,
To be acted and done in the next Parliament.

His worship so wise, who a kingdom can rule,
Is now by dear wife at home made a fool ;
For tho' he doth see thro' dark mists of the State,
He can't see the horns that she plants on his pate.

The women, too, prate of the Pope and the Turk,
Who should cease to play false, and 'tend to their work ;
But two noble virtues they 've attain'd to, I think,
To handle State matters, and to take off their drink.

Petition the players to come on the stage,
There to represent the vice of the age,
That people may see in stage looking-glasses
Fools of all sorts, and their politic asses.

And thus I have shewn you the vice of the nation,
Which wants of these things a through reformation ;
But when that will be I cannot determine,
For plenty breeds vice, as foul bodies breed vermine.

Ten may prate and may write, but 'tis not their rhimes,
That can any way change, or alter the times ;
It is now grown an epidemical disease,
For people to talk and to write what they please.

God bless our good King who our little world rules,
And is not disturb'd at the action of fools ;
For very much helps a wife man's melancholy
To see and observe, and to laugh at their folly.



GENEVA AND ROME; OR, THE ZEAL OF
BOTH BOILING OVER:

In an earnest dispute for pre-eminence
carried on at a private conference
between *Jack-a-Presbyter* and *Believe-all-Papist*.

Now printed for public satisfaction.

[Oates' and Bedloe's astounding revelations of Popish plots in the south, increasing with the growth of the popular credulity, and the doubtful issue of the war which was being prosecuted against the Covenanters in the north, kept the public mind in a perpetual state of agitation and alarm during the whole of the year 1679. King Charles was compelled to banish his Popish brother, James Duke of York, from the Court, in order to reassure his panic-stricken people, whom he had good reason to fear might again throw off their allegiance to him, and involve the country in civil strife. The author of the following loyal ballad, whilst affecting to condemn both Papists and Presbyterians, exposes in turn their respective malpractices in the two former reigns, and insinuates that they are equally ready to repeat them in the event of once more gaining the ascendancy in England.]



ACK Presbyter and the sons of the Pope
Had a late dispute of the right of the Rope
Who'd merit hanging without any trope;
Which nobody can deny.

ack held forth, and bid him remember,
orrible plot on the *Fifth of November*,
ery month preceding December ;
Which nobody, &c.

irtieth of January, th' other reply'd,
eard of 't at Rome, which can't be deny'd,
ack been loyal, then Charles had not dy'd ;
Which nobody, &c.

John cry'd out, D—— d Jefuit, thou ly'ft,
appear'd for the Lord Jefus Chrifft,
a thou, as a merit-monger, deny'ft ;
Which nobody, &c.

'owder treason, oh ! horrible plot—
prithee Jack Prefbyter, be not fo hot,
harles was kill'd, and Jemmy was not ;
Which nobody, &c.

Prefbyter John his zeal was inflam'd,
ow I find it I'll make thee afham'd.
prithee Jack, let the Cov'nant be nam'd ;
Which nobody, &c.

the Covenant named ? 'tis found on record
an Old and New Testament word,
rov'd to Charles by text and by fword ;
Which nobody, &c.

Thou prove it to Charles? impertinent Afs,
What thou design'dst old Noll brought to pass,
And then, like a beast, he turn'd thee to grass;
Which nobody, &c.

A truce! a truce! quoth Presbyter Jack,
We both love treason as Loyalists sack,
And if either prevails the King goes to wrack;
Which nobody, &c.

The Bishops tell Charles we both have long nails,
And Charles shall find it if either prevails,
For, like Sampson's foxes, we're ty'd by the tails;
Which nobody, &c.

The Jesuits, and the brats of John Knox,
Both visited Europe with the French —,
By the means of Loyola and Calvin the fox;
Which nobody, &c.



THE LOYAL TORIES DELIGHT;

OR,

A PILL FOR FANATICS.

[This Court effusion was suggested by the persevering and unscrupulous endeavours on the part of the Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury to change the succession to the Crown, in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, to the exclusion of the Duke of York.]



REAT York has been debar'd of late*,

From Court by some accursed fate;

But ere long we do not fear,

We shall have him,

We shall have him, have him here.

The makers of the Plot we see,

By d—d old Tony's † treachery,

How they would have brought it about,

To have given great York the rout;

To have given, &c.

* The Duke, by desire of the King, had withdrawn from the country (3rd March, 1678-9); and a few months after his return. (24th Feb. 1680) was sent to Scotland.

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, who prosecuted the Duke as a Popish recusant (16th June, 1680), and supported the Exclusion Bill, which was rejected by the Lords after its passage through the Commons.

God preserve our gracious King,
 And tale tidings to us bring,
 Defend us from the *sham* black box*,
 And all d—d fanatic plots,

And all, &c.

Here's Charles' health I drink to thee,
 And with him all prosperity;
 God grant that he long time may reign,
 To bring us home great York again;

To bring us home, &c.

That he in spite of all his foes,
 Who loyalty and laws oppose,
 May long remain in health and peace,
 Whilst plots and plotters all shall cease;

Whilst plots, &c.

Let Whigs † go down to Erebus,
 And not stay here to trouble us,

* Shaftesbury, to support the regal pretensions of his friend the Duke of Monmouth, propagated rumours that the King only denied his marriage with the Duke's mother (Lucy Walters) from pride; that the witnesses to the ceremony were still in existence, and that the contract itself, "enclosed in a black box," had been entrusted by the late Bishop of Durham to the custody of his son-in-law, who had it ready to produce whenever Parliament required him to do so.

† The Whigs had uniformly, up to this period, resisted the claim of the Romanists, and let slip no opportunity of persecuting them; the Tories, on the other hand, had always befriended them.

With noify cant and needles fear,
Of ills to come they know not where,
Of ills to come, &c.

When our chief trouble they create,
For plain we see what they be at ;
Could they but push great York once down,
They'd next attempt to snatch the Crown ;
They'd next attempt, &c.

But Heaven preserve our gracious King,
May all good subjects loudly sing ;
And Royal James preserve likewise,
From such as do against him rise,
From such as do, &c.

Then come again, fill round our glafs,
And loyal Tories let it pass ;
Fill up, fill up, unto the brim,
And let each bowl with nectar swim,
And let each bowl, &c.

Though Cloakmen that seem much precise,
'Gainst wine exclaim, with turn'd up eyes,
Yet in a corner they'll be drunk,
With drinking healths unto the RUMP ;
With drinking healths, &c.

In hopes that once more they shall tear
Both Church and State, which is their pray'r;
But Heaven does still protect the Throne,
Whilst Tyburn for such slaves does groan,
Whilst Tyburn, &c.

For now 'tis plain most men abhor
What some so strongly voted for:
Great York in favour does remain,
In spite of all the Whiggish train,
In spite of all, &c.

And now the *Old Cause* goes to wrack,
Sedition maugre Cloak in black,
Do greatly dread the triple-tree,
Whilst we rejoice in loyalty,
Whilst we rejoice, &c.

Then come let's take another round,
And still in loyalty abound,
And with our King he long may reign,
To bring us home great York again;
To bring us home great York again



THE KING'S VOWS.

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

[The precise date of this caustic satire is unknown, but it would appear, from certain allusions in it, to have been penned not later than the year 1679. It is characteristic alike of the basest of English sovereigns, and the most patriotic of English statesmen. In vain Charles assailed the integrity and patriotism of Marvel :

“ In awful poverty his honest muse
Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land ;
In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand :
He scorns them both, and arm'd with Truth alone,
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on his throne.”

Probably Lord Macaulay had in his mind *The King's Vows*, when he gave, in his historical fragment, a summary of Charles's character. “ He came forth (says he) from the school of adversity with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talents for lively conversation, addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence, fond of sauntering and frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown, and without sensibility of reproach.” Marvel, who knew Charles II. personally, was less tolerant in his judgment of him than the modern historian.]



HEN plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb,
And spider might weave in bowels its web,
And stomach as empty as brain ;
Then Charles without acre,
Did swear by his Maker,
If e'er I see England again :—

I'll have a religion all of my own,
Whether popish or protestant shall not be known;
And, if it prove troublesome — I will have none.

I'll have a long Parliament always to friend,
And furnish my treasure as fast as I spend,
And, if they will not—they shall have an end.

I'll have as fine bishops as were e'er made with hands,
With consciences flexible to my commands,
And, if they displease me—I'll have all their lands.

I'll have a fine navy to conquer the seas,
And the Dutch shall give caution for their Provinces,
And, if they should beat me—I'll do what they please.*

I'll have a fine Court, with ne'er an old face,
And always who beards me shall have the next grace,
And, I either will vacate,— or, buy him a place.

I'll have a privy purse without a control,
I'll wink all the while my revenue is stole,
And, if any is question'd — I'll answer the whole.

* This is a farcastic allusion to the great national disgrace of 1667, when the Dutch were suffered with impunity to sail up the Medway, and destroy the fortifications of Chatham.

If this please not — I'll reign then on any condition,
Mifs and I will both learn to live on exhibition,
And I'll first put the Church — then the Crown in com-
mission.

I'll have a fine tunic, a flash and a vest :
Tho' not rule like a Turk — yet I will be so drest,—
And who knows but the fashion may bring in the rest ?

I'll have a Council shall sit always still,
And give me a licence to do what I will ;
And two Secretaries shall flourish a quill.

My insolent brother * shall bear all the sway ;
If Parliaments murmur I'll send him away,
And call him again as soon as I may.

I'll have a rare son †, in marrying tho' marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my kingdom) my guard,
And shall be successor to me or Gerrard. ‡

* James, Duke of York, whose bigoted attachment to Roman Catholicism began about this time to excite popular indignation against him.

† James, Duke of Monmouth, the King's natural son by Lucy Walters.

‡ Commonly called "Generous Gerrard," an enthusiastic royalist, who was executed (10th July, 1654) for plotting the destruction of Cromwell.



I'll have a new London instead of the old *,
With wide streets and uniform to my own mould;
But, if they build too fast, I'll bid 'em hold.

The ancient nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their rooms to supply,
And they shall raise fortunes for my own fry.

Some one † I'll advance from a common descent,
So high that he shall hector the Parliament,
And all wholesome laws for the public prevent.

And I will assert him to such a degree,
That all his foul treasons, tho' daring and high,
Under my hand and seal shall have indemnity.

And, whate'er it cost me, I'll have a French w—,
As bold as Alice Pierce, and as fair as Jane Shore;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more. ●

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my bravos to cut off his nose ‡,
Tho' for't a branch of prerogative lose.

* Alluding to the destruction of the city by fire, 1666.

† Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, who was accused by the Commons of great misdemeanours, April, 1675; dismissed as Treasurer 1678; and, to save him from the effects of an impeachment, pardoned by the King 1678-9. The Commons, however, on the 5th May 1679, voted his pardon unconstitutional and void.

‡ Alluding to the barbarity practised on Sir John Coventry, who, for reflecting on the King's amours, in his place in Parliament, was

My pimp shall be my minister premier,
 My bawds call ambassadors far and near,
 And my wench shall dispose of *congé d'Elire*.

I'll wholly abandon all public affairs,
 And pass all my time with buffoons and players,
 And saunter to Nelly * when I should be at prayers.

I'll have a fine pond with a pretty decoy,
 Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,
 And still in their language quack *Vive le roy!* †

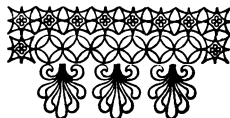
waylaid by Sands and Obrian, creatures of the Court, and had his nose slit to the bone.

* Nell Gwynn, the celebrated actress, whose wit no less than her beauty captivated the King :

“ When he was dumpish, she would still be jocund,
 And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second.”

So reports Sir George Etherege, the licentious dramatist, with more truth than refinement.

† It was the custom of Charles to saunter almost daily into St. James' Park, where he took a great interest in the water-fowl with which it was stocked, and which it was his practice to feed with his own hand.



THE LOYAL SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND
MIDDLESEX : UPON THEIR
ELECTION.

[This, as well as the following servile ballad, was written by a Court partizan on the occasion of the memorable election of Sheriffs for London and Middlesex in 1683, when Charles II. so grossly invaded the rights and liberties of the citizens.

The scheme was to prevent the regular election of Sheriffs, and to force upon the City the two Court nominees, Dudley North and Ralph Box, who had only a small minority of electors in their favour. In spite of violence used in their behalf, the poll was going in favour of the liberal candidates, Papillion and Dubois, when the Lord Mayor, Sir John Moore, a tool of the Government, attempted to adjourn the election to another day. The Sheriffs *pro tempore*, Shute and Pilkington, who were the proper officers to preside, continued the poll despite Moore's opposition, and ultimately declared the liberal candidates duly elected. Nevertheless the Court candidates were sworn in as Sheriffs, and those who insisted on continuing the election after the pretended adjournment by the Mayor were prosecuted for an alleged riot, and being convicted by a packed jury were heavily fined.

A pamphleteer, writing in 1703, says: "The despicable scum of Sonneteers and Rhyming Scribblers were never more encouraged than at that time; the foregoing songs are but part of 180 printed by Nat Thompson, the popish printer; and will Posterity believe that an

infamous songster has had 10 or 20 guineas at a time given him for singing one of these Ballads at Court? ”]

TUNE, “ Now at last the Riddle,” &c.



OW at last the matter is decided,
Which so long the nation has divided ;
Misguided
By interest and blind zeal,
Which so well in *Forty-four* they acted.
Now with greater heat
They again act o'er, like men distracted,
To give to Monarchy a new defeat.

Famous North, of noble birth and breeding,
And in loyal principles exceeding,
Is pleading
To stand his country's friend ;
To do justice to the King and nation
Some so much oppose ;
To renew the work of Reformation,
And carry on again the *Good old Cause*.

Next, renowned Box, as high commended,
And of loyal parentage descended,
Intended
To do the City right :

With true courage, and firm resolution,
He the Hall adorns;
But the heads were all in a confusion,
Such din there was and rattling with their horns.

Prick up ears, and push one for another,
Let not Box, an old malignant brother,
Nor t'other
Our properties command,
He's a King's-man, North is nothing better,
They walk hand-in-hand :
He, you know, is the Lord Mayor's creature ;
Therefore it is not fit that they should stand.

Where are now our liberties and freedom ?
Where shall we find such friends, when we shou'd,
To bleed 'em
And pull the Tories down ?
To push far our int'rest, who can blame us ?
Sheriffs rule in the Town,
When we lose our darling Ignoramus :
We lose the combat, and the day's their own.

Then let every man stand by his brother,
Poll o'er ten times, poll one for another.
What a pother
You see the Tories make,

Now or never, now to save your Charter,
Or your hearts will ache ;
If it goes for them expect no quarter :
If Law and Justice rule, our heels will shake !

Rout, a rout ! Join Prentice, boor, and peasant,
Let the White-hall party call it treason,
'Tis treason —
We should our necks defend !
Routs and riots, tumults and sedition,
Poll 'em o'er again ;
These do best agree with our condition —
If Monarchy prevail, we're all lost men.

The Lord Mayor is loyal in his station —
'Las, what will become o' th' Reformation
O' th' nation
If the Sheriffs be loyal too ?
Wrangle, bangle, huff and keep a clatter —
If we lose the field,
Poll 'em o'er again, it makes no matter,
For tho' we lose the day, we scorn to yield !

Ten for Box, and twenty for Papillion,
North a thousand, Dubois a million —
What villain
Our interest dare oppose ?



With those noble patriots thus they sided,
To uphold the Cause ;
But the good Lord Mayor the case decided,
And once again two loyal worthies chose.

Noble North and famous Box * promoted,
By due course and legal choice allotted,
They voted
To be the City Shrieves,
And may they both to London's commendation
Her ancient rights restore,
To do that justice to the King and Nation
Which former factions have deny'd before.

* Ralph Box had the decency to decline serving the office to which he had been so unfairly elected, and paid the usual fine of 500*l.* for his exemption.



LONDON'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR CHARTER.

[The infamous judgment in the great London *Quo Warranto* Case, delivered in Michaelmas term 1683, fully explains both the history and object of this ballad:—

“Several times (said Mr. Justice Jones, the Senior Puisne judge of the King’s Bench) have we met, and had conference about this matter, and we have waited on my Lord [Chief Justice] Saunders during his sickness often; and upon deliberation, we are unanimously of opinion that a Corporation aggregate, such as the City of London, may be forfeited and seized into the King’s hands, on a breach of a trust reposed in it for the good government of the King’s subjects;—that to assume the power of making bye-laws to levy money is a just cause of forfeiture;—and that the Petition [*i. e.* of the Mayor and Citizens of London to the King, beseeching him not to dissolve his Parliament] in the pleadings mentioned is so scandalous to the King and his government, that it is a just cause of forfeiture. Therefore, the Court doth award that the liberties and franchises of the City of London be seized into the King’s hands.”]

To the tune of “Packington’s Pound.”



YOU Freeman and Masters, and Prentices,
mourn,
For now you are left with your Charter
forlorn;

Since London was London, I dare boldly say,
For your riots you never so dearly did pay ;
 In Westminster Hall
 Your Dagon did fall,
 That caus'd you to riot and mutiny all :
Oh ! London, oh ! London, thou had'st better had none,
Than thus with thy Charter to vie with the Throne.

Oh ! London, oh ! London, how could'st thou pretend,
Against thy Defender thy crimes to defend ?
Thy freedom and rights from kind princes did spring,
And yet in contempt thou withstandest thy King :
 With bold brazen face
 They pleaded thy case,
 In hopes to the Charter the King would give place.
Oh ! London, thou'dst better no Charter at all,
Than thus for Rebellion thy Charter should fall.

Since Britons to London came over to dwell,
You had an old Charter to buy and to sell ;
And whilst in allegiance each honest man lives,
Then you had a Charter for Lord Mayor and Shrieves :
 But when with your pride
 You began to backslide,
 And London by factions did run with the tide ;
Then London, oh ! London, 'tis time to withdraw,
Left the flood of your factions the land overflow.

When faction and fury of Rebels prevail'd,
 When Coblers were Kings, and monarchs were jail'd,
 When Masters in tumults their prentices led,
 And the tail did begin to make war with the Head,
 When Thomas and Kate
 Did bring in their plate,
 T'uphold the *Old cause* of the Rump of the State ;
 Then tell me, oh ! London, I prithee now tell,
 Hast thou e'er a Charter to fight and rebell ?

When zealous sham-sheriffs the City oppose,
 In spite of the Charter, the King, and the Laws,
 And make such a riot and rout in the Town,
 That never before such a racket was known,
 When rioters dare
 Arrest the Lord May'r *,
 And force the King's substitute out of the Chair ;
 Oh ! London, whose Charter is now on the lees,
 Did your Charter e'er warrant such actions as these ?

Alas, for the Brethren ! † What now must they do
 For choosing Whig-sheriffs and Burgeesses too ?

* The Mayor having committed the two presiding sheriffs for alleged contempt, the friends of the latter, in order to obtain their release, retaliated by arresting the Mayor for a debt said to have been incurred in the course of the election.

† Alluding to the Court of Aldermen, who incriminated each other in defaming James, Duke of York, the King's brother.

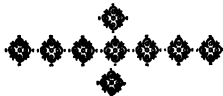
The Charter with Patience * is gone to the pot,
 And the Doctor † is lost in the depth of the plot :
 Saint Stephen his flayl
 No man will prevail,
 Nor Sir Robert's ‡ dagger the Charter to bail :
 Oh ! London, thou'dst better have lain in the fire,
 Than thus thy old Charter should stick in the mire.

But since with your folly, your faction and pride,
 You sink with the Charter, who strove with the tide,
 Let all the lost rivers return to the Main ;
 From whence they descended they'll spring out again :
 Submit to the King
 In everything,
 Then of a new Charter new Sonnets we'll sing ;
 As London — the Phoenix of England — ne'er dies,
 So out of the flames a new Charter will rise !

* Alderman Sir Patience Ward, Moor's predecessor in the
 Mayoralty, who was most unjustly indicted for perjury, because he
 refused to depose against his brother alderman, Pilkington, accused
 of scandalising the Duke of York.

† Oates.

‡ Sir Robt. Clayton, Lord Mayor in 1680, who contended in vain
 for his own and fellow-citizens' rights.



VIENNA'S TRIUMPH;
WITH THE WHIGS' LAMENTATION FOR
THE OVERTHROW OF THE TURKS.

[In the summer of 1683 the Ottomans, after sweeping over Hungary, invested Vienna, from which the Emperor Leopold and his family had fled. All Europe was in consternation. Sobieski, the King of Poland, was bound by no treaty to the House of Austria; but, as a Christian Prince, he determined to defend the eastern bulwark of Christian Europe against the universally dreaded foe. Having, therefore, united his own forces with those of Germany, he attacked the Turks in their entrenchments, and gained a decisive victory over them. On the news of the deliverance of Vienna every State in Europe resounded with acclamations—France excepted, whose “most Christian King,” Louis XIV., wished to humble the house of Hapsburg to the dust. The Whigs, notwithstanding the fact that they had consistently opposed the foreign policy of England, and also condemned that of France, are here associated with the common foe of Europe, because at this time they were as unpopular in the country as hateful to Charles.]



OW, now 's the siege rais'd,
And the numerous train
Of the Turks, Jove be prais'd,
Are defeated again :
Their Mahomet's aid
They in vain did implore,
And they swear they'll not trust
The dull God any more :

The sham of the *Loadstone* *
At last they have found,
And their God is condemn'd
To be laid under ground.

Let the English give praise,
Let all Christendom join,
In singing of lays
To the Powers Divine :
Vienna once more
Hath the victory won,
And the Turks, tho' so mighty,
Are put to the run :
The giant Goliah
By David was slain ;
Thus, who fight against Heav'n
Do fight but in vain.

The Grand Vizier's fled,
In vain he did boast ;
And 'twill cost him his head,
Since the battle he lost :
His many of thousands
He invincible thought,

* Alluding to the famous black stone in the Kaaba at Mecca, which the Mahomedans believe was brought to that place by the archangel Gabriel, and which is supposed to have become black from the kisses of the innumerable pilgrims annually attracted by it.

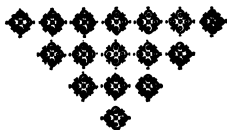
Yet they by few hundreds
To confusion were brought :
To the great King of Poland
Let the honor redound,
Whose actions with credit
And fame do abound,

To the Duke of Lorrain
Great praises are due,
Who had fought but in vain,
If proud words had prov'd true:
At the Emperor's threats
He laughs in his sleeve,
And all his great proffers
He scorn'd to believe :
But great as he was
He withstood all their charms,
Choos'ing rather to die
In his countrymen's arms.

His loyalty true
All the world doth admire,
But the Whigs, who look blue,
And commotions desire :
Ruin and strife are
Whigs' elements still,
They're an obstinate people,
If cross'd in their will :

And what their will is,
Is as hard to be known,
As it is to find out
The philosopher's stone.

No devotion but their's,
All others, they say,
Of the Devil are snares
For to lead us astray :
The Pope to avoid
They'll do what they can,
And instead of an image
They'll worship a man :
To the Turks they no martyrs,
But converts, would be ;
But in time we may see
Them all die by the Tree.



DAGON'S FALL.

[When the plan of destroying all the free institutions of England, and of establishing arbitrary rule, was openly avowed by the servile supporters of the Court, Lord Shaftesbury, knowing that he was marked out for the royal vengeance, seriously contemplated raising an insurrection in the City of London, with a view to set aside the popish Duke of York, as successor to the Crown, as well as to get rid of the King's evil Councillors. Learning, however, that there was an intention once more to arrest him, he made his escape to Holland (18th November, 1682), where he was received with great respect, and admitted into the magistracy. He died at Amsterdam, after a very brief illness, on the 21st January, 1683. The ballad was published before the news of his decease had reached this country.]



H ! cruel bloody fate,
 What canst thou now do more ?
 Alas, 'tis now too late
 Poor Tony to restore !
 Why should the flatt'ring fates persuade
 That Tony still should live
 In England here, or in Holland there,
 Yet all our hopes deceive ?

A noble peer he was,
 And of notorious fame ;
 But now he's gone, alas !
 A pilgrim o'er the main .

The prop and pillar of our hope,
The patron of our cause,
The scorn and hate of Church and State,
The urchin of the laws.

Of matchless policy
Was this renowned peer ;
The bane of monarchy,
The people's hope and fear ;
The joy of all true protestants,
The Tories' scorn and dread :
But now he's gone who cur'd the throne ;
Alas, poor Tony's dead !

For Commonwealth he stood,
Pretending liberty ;
And, for the public good,
Would pull down Monarchy.
The Church and State he would divorce,
The holy cause to wed,
And in time did hope to confound the Pope,
And be himself the head.

A tap in 's side did bore,
To broach all sorts of ill,
For which seditious store
The crowd ador'd him still :

He spit his venom thro' the town,
With which the saints possess
Would preach and prate 'gainst Church and State,
While he perform'd the rest.

When any change of State,
Or mischief was at hand,
He had a working pate
And devil at command :
He forg'd a plot *, for which the heads
Of faction gave their votes :
But now the plot has gone to pot —
What will become of Oates ?

Under the fair pretence
Of right, religion, law,
Excluding the true prince,
The Church he'd overthrow :
With such religious shams he brought
The rabble to his side ;
And for his sport, the town and court,
In parties he'd divide.

* Lord Shaftesbury early had the credit of being the contriver of : popish plot, which he framed (according to Dalrymple) "in order to bring the Duke [of York], and, perhaps, the King, under : weight of the national fear and hatred of popery."

Now what's become of all
His squinting policy,
Which wrought your Dagon's fall,
From justice forc'd to flee ?
Old and decrepid, full of pains,
As he of guilt was full,
He fell to fate, and now too late
He leaves us to condole.

Now learn, ye Whigs, in time,
By his deserved fall,
To expiate his crime,
Ere fate revenge you all:
For rights, religion, liberty,
Are but the sham pretence
To anarchy—but loyalty
Obeys the lawful Prince.





JAMES II.



1



A SHORT LITANY.

[No prince had been so generally unpopular and so severely satirised as James the Second before his accession to the throne. After that event, the ballad-writers appear to have been restrained in a great measure by their fear of him. When, however, his tyranny became quite insupportable, and there was a prospect of the country being ridded of his presence, their courage revived, and they renewed their daily attacks upon him with increased virulence. The coarsest ballads and squibs, as well as the most unfeeling lampoons, pursued the bigoted monarch in his flight to France.

As this and the following ballads refer to the closing months of his brief reign, it will not be necessary to give a separate introduction to each; the foot-notes will elucidate, where necessary, the text of them.

The entire rule of James is well expressed in the subjoined lampoon:—

“Unhappy Age! and we in it,
When Truth doth go for Treason;
Every blockhead’s will for law,
And coxcomb’s sense for reason.
Religion’s made a band of State,
To serve the pimps and panders,
Our Liberty a prison gate,
And Irishmen commanders.
“Oh! wretched is our fate—
What dangers do we run!
We must be wicked to be great,
And to be just, undone.
’Tis thus our Sovereign keeps his word,
And makes the nation great;
To Irishmen he trusts the sword,
To Jesuits the State.”

To the tune of "Cock-laurel."



FROM an old Inquisition*, and new Declara-
tion †,
From freedom of Conscience, and Whig
Toleration,
'Gainst Conscience imposing upon the whole Nation,
For ever, good Heaven, deliver me !

From Knaves would set up a Dispenfative power,
To pull down the Test unto which we have swore,
By imposing a greater than any before,
For ever, &c.

From the Court's Triumvirate's Council in vain,
The father-confessor ‡, that cheater of men,
The hypocrite Lobb ‡, and that Jesuit Pen ‡,
For ever, &c.

* An allusion to the extraordinary conduct of the King in extorting a promise from every class of public officials "to live in friendship with people of all religious persuasions."

† The memorable Declaration of Indulgence (published on the 4th April, 1687), which suspended and dispensed with the penal laws and tests on admission into offices civil and military.

‡ Father Edward Petre, vice-provincial of the Jesuits, who was sworn a member of the Privy Council, 11th November, 1687; Stephen Lobb, a member of the Jesuitical Cabal, employed to gain over the Independents to the Court; and William Penn, the quaker, who publicly preached in favour of James and his Declaration of Indulgence. All were members of the "Jesuitical Cabal."

From losing the Set in a passion and flame,
By taking seven men up, and hoping the same
To recover by playing an after-back game,
For ever, &c.

From a schismatic State, and a Catholic Court,
From packing a jury in hopes to be for 't,
From shopping the bishops*, the Church to support,
For ever, &c.

From Puritans' malice, and Jesuits' spite,
From showing our teeth, without pow'r to bite,
Against our own Conscience from doing of right,
For ever, &c.

From making a pannel the prelates to blast,
In hopes with St. Peter their lordships to cast,
And finding it all *Ignoramus* at last,
For ever, &c.

* Alluding to the incarceration and trial of the Seven Bishops for protesting against the King's famous Declaration.



THE ADVICE.



WOULD you be famous and renown'd in story,
And after having run a stage of glory,
Go straight to Heaven, and not to Purgatory ;

This is the time.

Would you surrender your Dispensing power,
And send the Western Hangman* to the Tower,
From whence he'll find it difficult to scour ;
This is the time.

Would you send Father Pen, and Father Lob,
Assisted by the poet-laureate Squab†,
To teach obedience passive to the mob ;
This is the time.

Would you let Reverend Father Peters know
What thanks the Church of England to him owe
For favors past, he did on them bestow ;
This is the time.

* The infamous Chief Justice Jeffreys.

† Dryden.

Would you with expedition fend away
 Those four dim lights made bishops t'other day,
 To convert Indians in America ;
 This is the time.

Would you the rest of that bald-pated train
 No longer flatter with thin hopes of gain,
 But fend 'em to St. Om'r's back again ;
 This is the time.

Would you (instead of holding birchen-tool)
 Send Pulton* to be lash'd at Busby's school,
 That he in print no longer play the fool ;
 This is the time.

Would you that Jack of all religions scare,
 Bid him for hanging speedily prepare,
 That Harry H s may visit Harry Care † ;
 This is the time.

Would you let Ireland no more fear McDonnel,
 And all the rabble under Phelim O'Neel,
 And Clarendon‡ again succeed Tyrconnel ;
 This is the time.

* Andrew Pulton, a jesuit and controversialist, whose ignorance of English composition made him the laughing-stock of his contemporaries.

† A nonconformist, who had bitterly assailed the King when Duke of York, but now was as loud in his adulation of him.

‡ Clarendon had been appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1685, and was recalled in the following year, to make place for Tyrconnel, who was dreaded alike by Protestants and Romanists.

Would you Court ear-wigs banish from your ears,
Those carpet-knights and interested peers,
And rid the Kingdoms from impending fears ;
This is the time.

Would you at once make all the *Hogans Mogans** yield,
And be at once their terror, and our shield,
And not appear by proxy in the field ;
This is the time.

Would you no more a woman's counsel take,
But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms' fake,
Make subjects love, and enemies to quake ;
This is the time.

* Cant expressions for the Dutch.



THE CATHOLIC BALLAD:

OR,

AN INVITATION TO POPERY, UPON CONSIDERABLE
GROUNDS AND REASONS.

BY WALTER POPE, A.M.



SINCE Popery of late is so much in debate,
And great strivings have been to restore
it,
I cannot forbear, openly to declare,
That the ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute no more then, these heretical men
Have exposed our books unto laughter,
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way,
To sing for the cause hereafter.

O the Catholic Cause ! now assistance, my muse,
Now earnestly do I desire thee ;
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to-day,
But only to thee to inspire me !

Whence should purity come, but from Catholic Rome ?
I wonder much at your folly—



For St. Peter was there, and left an old chair,
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,
If our doctors may be believed,
That whoever sits there needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us!) get up,
Though his nature we know to be evil,
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in the seat, but our father the Pope?
Which is a plain demonstration,
As clear as noon-day, we are in a right way,
And all others are doom'd to damnation.

If this will not suffice yet to open your eyes,
Which are blinded with bad education;
We have arguments plenty, and miracles twenty,
Enough to convince a whole nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the host bleed,
And if anything can persuade ye,
An image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak,
In the honor of our Lady.

You shall see, without doubt, the devil cast out,
 As of old by *Erra Pater* ;
 He shall skip about and tear, like a dancing bear,
 When he feels the holy water.

If yet doubtful you are we have relics most rare,
 We can shew you the sacred manger ;
 Several loads of the Crofs, as good as e'er was,
 To preserve your souls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone wall,
 But I spare you a little for pity,
 That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,
 For the second part of my ditty.



THE SECOND PART.



OW listen again to those things that remain,
 They are matters of weight, I assure you,
 And the first thing I say, throw your bibles
 away,
 'Tis impossible else for to cure you.

O that pestilent book ! never on it more look,
 I wish I could sing it out louder :

It has done men more harm, I dare boldly affirm,
Than th' invention of guns and powder.

As for matters of faith, believe what the Church faith,
But for Scripture leave that to the learned ;
For these are edge-tools, your laymen are fools,
If you touch them you're sure to be harmed.

Be the Church's good son, and your work is half done,
After that you may do your own pleasure ;
If your beads you can tell, and say *Ave Mary* well,
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure.

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he
please,
And without all peradventure,
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first by the way, you must make a short stay
At a place call'd Purgatory,
Which the learned us tell, in the buildings of hell,
Is about the middlemost story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a mark of disgrace,
In the torment on't long to endure,
None are kept there but fools, and poor pitiful souls
Who can no ready money procure.

For a handsome round sum, you may quickly begone,
So the Church has wisely ordained ;
And they who build crosses, and pay well for masses,
Would not there be too long detained.

And that 'tis a plain case, as the nose on one's face,
They are in the surest condition,
Since none but poor fools, and some niggardly awls,
That can fall into utter perdition.

And it faileth you then, O ye great and rich men,
For that you will not hearken to reason ;
And as long as you've pence, y'need scruple no of-
fence,
For murder, advoutery, treason.

And ye sweet-natured women, who hold all things com-
mon,
My addressees to you are most hearty,
And to give you your due, you are to us most true,
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your penance is small,
And although you cannot forego it,
We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure,
To confess before you go to it.

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,
To those who affect the French nation,
Hereby we advance the religion of France,
The religion that's only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail (as how can they fail?),
To have Popery entertained,
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What benefits hence may be gained.

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small happiness),
And again we shall see restored
The Italian trade, which formerly made
This land to be so much adored.

O the pictures and rings, the beads and fine things,¹
The good words as sweet as honey,
All this, and much more, shall be brought to our door,
For a little dull English money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and whatever can move,
Be restored again to our Britain ;
And Learning so common, that ev'ry old woman
Shall say her prayers in Latin.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State shall
obey,
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder,

And the proudest of Kings, with all temporal things,
Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do,
And have handled us with so much terror,
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more),
They may chance t'acknowledge their error.

If any man yet shall have so little wit
As still to be refractory,
I swear by the Mafs, he is a mere afs,
And so there's end of the story.



THE TRUE PROTESTANT LITANY.



FROM such as the honest intentions oppose
Of our true-hearted friends, and are led by
the nose,
By the specious pretences and wiles of our
foes :

Libera nos, Domine.

From such as the Protestant cause would betray,
And give up their lives to the Pope for a prey ;
If they will not sell Heaven as freely as they :

Libera nos.

From Judges oppress'd with such dimness of sight,
That they cannot discern what is *wrong*, or what's *right* ;
If a spider's *gold-web* do but hang in their light :

Libera nos.

From those, who to finish their treasons begun,
When they fear'd that their work would be left but half
done,
Did consult by the stars how to darken our *Sun* :

Libera nos.

From persons, who under a handsome disguise,
Would persuade us the only way to be wise,
Is to forfeit our reason and put out our eyes :

Libera nos.

From those who would learnedly make it appear,
That it is factious either to shun or to fear
The most imminent dangers, though never so near :

Libera nos.

From infallible fops, who would make us believe
We must pin our faith to their Catholic sleeve,
Till we suffer a bondage beyond a reprieve :

Libera nos.

From the factors of *Rome*, who hither are sent,
To raise causeless dislikes of the King's government ;
And to separate him and his Parliament :

Libera nos.

From such as will whisper the *traitor's* defence,
And do own they believe their avouch'd innocence,
Thereby to disparage the King's evidence :

Libera nos.



From Powis* and Peters, and all the whole crew,
And from all that would have them come short of their
due ;

From friars, and priests, and Jesuits too :

Libera nos.

And, lastly, from all that with ill to the King,
Or Popery into this Nation would bring ;
Who merit no less than a Paddington swing :

Libera nos.

* Wm. Herbert, Earl of Powis, a Catholic Peer, who had been recently admitted into the Privy Council.



PRIVATE OCCURRENCES;
OR,
THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOUR LAST YEARS,
WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE OLD BALLAD OF
"Hey, brave Oliver, Ho, brave Oliver."



PROTESTANT Muse, yet a lover of
Kings,
On th' Age, grown a little satirical, sings
Of Papists, their counsels, and other fine
things.

Sing hey brave Popery, ho rare Popery,
Oh! fine Popery, O dainty Popery, ho!

She hopes she offends no Englishman's patience,
Tho' Satire's forbid on all such occasions,
She's too good a subject to read Declarations,
Sing hey, &c.

If the saying be good of *Let him laugh that wins*,
Sure a loser may smile without any offence,
My Muse, then, is gamefome, and thus she begins,
Sing hey, &c.

When Charles deceas'd, to his kingdom's difmay,
 By an apoplex, or else some other way*,
 Our Brother with shouts was proclaimed the same day,
 Sing hey, &c.

His first Royal promise was never to touch
 Our Rights, nor Religion, nor Privilege grutch,
 But Peters swore, D—n him! he granted too much.
 Sing hey, &c.

Then Monmouth came in with an army of fools,
 Betray'd by his cuckold † and other dull tools,
 That painted the turf of green Sedgemoor with *Gules*,
 Sing hey, &c.

That Victory gotten (some think to our wrong),
 The priests bray'd out joy in a thanksgiving song,
 And Teague with the bald-pates were at it ding dong.
 Sing hey, &c.

* In reference to the death of Charles II. (relates Macaulay)
 "Wild stories without number were repeated and believed by the common people. His Majesty's tongue had swelled to the size of a neat's tongue. A cake of deleterious powder had been found in his brain. There were blue spots on his breast. There were black spots on his shoulder. Something had been put into his snuff-box. Something had been put into his broth. Something had been put into his favourite dish of eggs and ambergrease. The Duchess of Portsmouth had poisoned him in a cup of chocolate. The Queen had poisoned him in a jar of dried pears. Such tales ought to be preserved; for they furnish us with a measure of the intelligence and virtue of the generation which eagerly devoured them."

† Lord Grey.

Then straight a strong army was levied in haste,
 To hinder Rebellion — a very good jest —
 But some folks will swear 'twas to murder the Test,
Sing hey, &c.

A politique law which recusants did doom
 That into our Senate they never might come,
 But Equivalent since was proposed in its room.
Sing hey, &c.

As if a true friend should in kindness demand
 A tooth in my head, which firmly doth stand,
 To give for't another he had in his hand.
Sing hey, &c.

Then Term after Term this matter was weigh'd,
 Old Judges turn'd out and new blockheads made,
 That Coke or wife Littleton never did read.
Sing hey, &c.

The good Church of England with speed was run down,
 Whose loyalty ever stood fast to the Crown,
 And Presbyter John was made Mayor of the Town.
Sing hey, &c.

The bishop's disgrace made the clergy to sob,
 A prey to old Petre and President Bob*,
 And hurried to prison as if they did rob.

Sing hey, &c.

* The versatile Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, in whom, remarks Macaulay, "the political immorality of his age was personified in the most lively manner."

Then into the world a dear Prince of Wales flipt,
 'Twas plain, for we hear a great minifter peept,
 The Bricklayer for prating had lik'd t'a been whipt*.
 Sing hey, &c.

Thus England's diffreffes more fierce than the plague,
 That during three years of no quiet could brag,
 The Prince van Aurgnia has brought from the Hague.
 Sing hey, &c.

A ftrong fleet and army t' invade us are bent,
 We know not the caufe, tho' there's fomething in 't,
 But we doubt not ere long we fhall fee it in print.
 Sing hey, &c:

Ah ! England, that never could'ft value thy peace,
 Had matters been now as in Elizabeth's days,
 The Dutch had ne'er ventur'd to fith in our feas !
 Sing hey, &c.

* Alluding to one of the indecent reports refpe&ting the legitimacy of James Frederic Edward, Prince of Wales (afterwards known as the Chevalier de St. George). Burnet has reprefented him as the fruit of *fix* different impoftures ! Dryden, however, in his *Britannia Rediviva*, thus difpofes of thefe grofs calumnies :—

“ Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful rout
 May find no room for a remaining doubt ;
 Truth, which is light itfelf, doth darknefs fhun,
 And the true eaglet fafely dares the fun.”



LILLI BURLERO.*

BY THOMAS, MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

[This famous doggrel ballad, written on the occasion of General Dick Talbot being created Earl of Tyrconnel, and nominated by James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686—1688, is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, entitled "A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day," &c., London, 1712, wherein it is said "A late Vice-roy [of Ireland] who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilli Burlero* song; with which, if you will believe himself, he fung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms."]



O! broder Teague†, dost hear de decree?

Lilli Burlero, bullen a-la.*

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli Burlero, bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli Burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Lero, lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,

Lilli, &c.

And he will cut de Englishman's troate,

Lilli, &c.

* *Lilli Burlero* and *Bullen-a-la* are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

† A cant name, in this age, for an Irishman.

Dough by my shoul de Englifh do praat,
Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare fide, and Creifh knows what,
Lilli, &c.

But if difpence do come from de Pope,
Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming abroad,
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a fware,
Lilli, &c.
Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,
Lilli, &c.

Ara ! but why does he ftay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho ! by my shoul 'tis a proteftant wind.
Lilli, &c.

But fee de Tyrconnel is now come afhore,
Lilli, &c.
And we fhall have commiffions gillore,
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mafs,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an afs,
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de heretics all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By Chris and Shaint Patric, de nation's our own,
Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.
"Ireland fhall be rul'd by an afs and a dog,"
Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophecy is come to pafs,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and James is de afs.
Lilli, &c.



A NEW SONG OF AN ORANGE.

To that excellent old tune, "Of a Pudding," &c.

GOOD people come buy
 The fruit that I cry,
 That now is in season, tho' Winter is nigh,
 'Twill do you all good,
 And sweeten your blood,
 I'm sure it will please you when once understood.
'Tis an Orange.

Its cordial juice
 Does much vigor produce,
 I may well recommend it to every man's use ;
 Tho' some it quite chills,
 And with fear almost kills,
 Yet certain each honest man benefit feels
by an Orange.

To make claret go down,
 Sometimes there is found
 A jolly good health to pass pleasantly round ;
 But yet I'll protest,
 Without any jest,
 No flavor is better than that of the taste
of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think
 At Whitehall they stink,
 Because that our neighbors come over the sea ;
 But sure 'tis perfum'd
 That may be perfum'd
 By the scent of a clove when once it is stuck
 in an Orange.

If they'd cure the ails
 Of the Prince of Wales,
 When the *Milk of Milch Tyler* does not well agree ;
 Though he's subject to cast,
 They may better the taste,
 Yet let 'em take heed lest it curdle at last
 with an Orange.

Old Stories rehearse,
 In prose and in verse,
 How a Welsh child was found by loving of cheese ;
 So this will be known
 If it be the Queen's own ;
 For the taste it utterly then will disown
 of an Orange.

Though the mobile bawl,
 Like the Devil and all,
 For Religion, Property, Justice, and Laws ;

Yet, in very good sooth,
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to stop a man's mouth
than an Orange.

We are certainly told
That by Adam of old,
Himself and his bearns for an Apple was fold ;
And who knows but his son,
By serpents undone,
And his juggling *Eve* may chance lose her own
for an Orange?





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